

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2636.—VOL. XCV.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1889.

TWO {SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



EXPLOSION AT MOSSFIELD COLLIERY, NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE: SCENE AT THE PIT HEAD.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

We often hear of discoveries in scientific weapons that are to "revolutionise the whole system of warfare," but the new "boom-rang projectile" that is to shoot folk from behind certainly tops them all. It appeals not so much to those persons of indomitable valour whom nothing (coming from any quarter) can dismay, as to that much larger class who "Don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if they do," wish to obtain every possible security against the consequences. Hitherto their system (though it has never been actually formulated) was not to present their faces to the foe, unless (as in rare instances) there seemed to be still greater danger in flight. This plan will now have to be greatly modified to suit the new conditions. It seems that the projectile becomes a rejectile at a certain point, so that those who have thought themselves fortunate (as they well might) in being sheltered by a parapet will now be shot down (most shamefully) from behind. It is thought by the inventor that "soldiers will be very sensitive to this species of fire"; and, indeed, it seems likely enough. It will now be necessary for the very sensitive ones to adopt a strategy of unusual complication. They must, in the first instance, advance backwards, and then, "at a certain point" (which will be a very nice one), confront the enemy. I have no intention of seeing how the thing works in actual warfare; but I hope to have an early opportunity of witnessing the effect in the autumn manoeuvres, which will doubtless be planned with the object of testing the new projectile. It is not for a civilian to suggest a difficulty in any such matter, but it is to be hoped the powder will be very carefully weighed. If the charge is too heavy the shot might return to the gentleman who fired it, and finish him off! Think of that!

"I have the gout," wrote a candid patient to his doctor; "come and see me, and then I'll tell you about it. It is really the rumatism, but I don't know how to spell it." He need not have been so particular, for they are much the same thing, as the old illustration describes them: "A turn of the rack, as far as human nature can bear it, is the one"; and "one turn more" the other. But the peculiarity of the matter is that there is no disease that has so many "infallible remedies." "A Scotch Duke," I read, "well known as a martyr to gout" (a rather unusual claim to distinction), "has discovered a secret cure for that undesirable malady." His keeping it secret does not speak highly for his Grace's philanthropy, but it is possible he means to make a little money by it. "His Grace's Secret" would be a good title (though a little novelish) for a patent medicine; but it will meet with a good deal of competition. A gentleman who suffers from this fashionable disease (though only in his hands and arms and knees at present) has given me a list of absolutely unfailing specifics, which he has verbally received from sympathising friends within six days (the seventh he was in cotton-wool and could hear no prescriptions). Port wine, champagne ("very dry, but lots of it"), hot baths, brine baths ("a month in pickle, and I do assure you you would be another man"), mud baths ("not so bad as it looks, with a fellow reading to you, 'pon my word, or, better still, with three men to play whist"), lemons without pips, forty-eight medicines with Greek names ("the doctors will call it quackery, of course"—they do—"but *crede experto*"), the Hartz Mountains, Carlsbad ("make you much worse at first, but better afterwards")—this reminds one of our public school system, which, without much pretence of educating, "teaches one to educate oneself"), and air baths. These last, however, must be in a secluded neighbourhood, because "the deuce of it is you have to run a mile before breakfast with nothing on."

A Thirteen Club (no connection with the Eighty-One) has been started in London for the eradication of superstition. They dine together, and it is forbidden to any member to die within the year. When the number of guests falls short they have "understudies"—fellows who come to make them up, as *quatorzièmes* in Paris are hired to prevent a party being thirteen. They cross their knives, spill the salt, and talk of the Devil. They walk under ladders, seek meetings with (single) magpies, pass pigs on the road instead of riding round them, laugh at screech owls, encourage death-watches, and, in a word, defy all omens. Half a century ago a shipowner, fired by the same ambition, determined to put a stop to the ridiculous prejudice entertained by sailors against Fridays. He caused the keel of a fine vessel to be laid upon that day, launched her upon that day, named her "the Friday," and sailed in her himself to Juan Fernandez (because, you know, Friday lived there). She was never heard of again by anybody.

Nevertheless, popular errors, if not superstitions, are constantly being exposed. In history, indeed, with Richard III. straight as a maypole, and Henry VIII. almost an ascetic, there is little left to cling to. Even natural history has followed suit: the elephant is the most malicious of quadrupeds, the dog drowns his master; the last "departure" among the beasts is the man-eating tiger, a very old friend of us boys, and whom we thought we thoroughly understood: he used to be tame, mangy, and decrepit, and, in fact, only ate man because he could catch nothing else. Sir William Hunter tells us he knew one of these invalids who killed 108 people in three years, and another whose average was eighty per annum. And now Mr. Gilbert, a well-known "shikaree," has been informing the Bombay Natural History Society that this view of the man-eaters is quite incorrect. They are always, he affirms, in rude health and the highest spirits: their skin is undisordered, their teeth without "stopping"; and they eat men (here the shikaree is waggish) because they choose. Now, which of these authorities are we to believe? A Hunter ought to know, but the shikaree is also a hunter. To judge by home analogy, the latter's view should be the correct one. In England the

man-eaters are young and strong, and have beautiful skins; but they are always of the female sex.

It was said of a very attractive talker that he could "wile the bird from the bough," but at that time "hypnotism" had not been invented, which renders all efforts in the way of conversation unnecessary. If prevention is better than cure, "suggestion" seems to be almost as good: and, moreover, there is no appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. When the patient comes to himself he remains under the influence of this magic art. It was "suggested" the other day to a gentleman of fortune that his coachman's son was his brother. No harm seems to have come of that beyond the enrichment of the offspring of a doubtless faithful retainer. It merely enlarged the bounds of fraternity. But suppose in a moment of ill-advised jocularity the operator should suggest that somebody else's wife was your own? This, it seems to me, might have embarrassing consequences. The public has not grasped this, nor, indeed, the precise nature of the new discovery. A gentleman of high standing (though it must be confessed not in the scientific line, nor in the "intelligent department" of the public service) wrote to me the other day, "I say, what is all this shindy [he meant intellectual excitement] about Hypnotism? Is it sciatica? If so, I've had it for years."

A gentleman with a genius for finance has been suggesting that since "on the average every third-class passenger pays sevenpence a journey, every second-class passenger twelpence, and every first-class passenger twenty-fourpence," it will be expedient to charge these prices only—regardless of distance—on the principle of the penny post. The passenger by the Underground might not like it, but the man who wants to go to Aberdeen would very much approve of it; and it would certainly "simplify matters." A legal friend of mine, who has retired from the profession with a hatful of railway securities, always complains of the monstrosity of persons who live by their wits being carried by the railways for the same price as he is. "Why, confound you [he says], if you were killed in a railway accident the company would have to pay thousands to your widow, whereas if I was killed they would have to pay nothing at all! Our railway system is perfect but for this injustice."

It is recorded of a certain divine, too occupied with spiritual things to take note of ordinary matters, that on the first day he wore spectacles in the pulpit they remained on the top of his forehead throughout the sermon. "So you have taken to spectacles, Mr. Dean," said one of his congregation after service. "Why, yes; I found I couldn't do without them, and I now wonder how I never used them till to-day." This has been hitherto supposed to be the climax—"the grand climacteric"—of absence of mind. The record, however, has now been beaten in Spain. In that country (and no wonder) it is the custom to open a coffin at the grave's brink, to see that all is right. This was done the other day at an infant's funeral at Saragossa, when, to the consternation of all present, the coffin was discovered to be empty. The poor baby had been left at home. This forgetfulness surpasses the other, since it must have occurred to a good many people, and, moreover, involved not only absence of mind, but absence of body.

One hears a good deal of the powers of persuasion, but Mr. Tobias Jackson of Birmingham (U.S.A.) must have been exceptionally gifted in that way. Though he announced himself as a second Daniel, one doubts whether, in our Birmingham (where people are familiar with the action of heat on iron), his eloquence would have been equally seductive; but in Alabama he prevailed upon three negroes—promising them, at worst, a gentle perspiration—to enact the parts of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in an iron furnace. The newspapers announce that they perished; but Mr. Tobias Jackson affirms there is literally not "a button of evidence" to prove the fact.

There are various savage tribes at present on exhibition in London who, though deficient in conversational powers, delight their audiences by their skill in sign language. When I am told what they mean, I acknowledge their ingenuity; but, after all, I venture to think that civilised man, when reduced to his finger tips, is quite as intelligent. It is recorded of the Rev. George Harvest, sometime "Minister of Thames Ditton"—the same who, reading a passage in a Greek author to the Speaker of the House of Commons in a wherry, threw himself back in an ecstasy into the river—that when sojourning with the same dignitary at Calais he lost his way. Not knowing a word of French, but recollecting that his inn was "The Silver Lion," he put a shilling in his mouth and set himself in the attitude of a lion rampant, "a hieroglyphical exhibition which (after some repetition, however) restored him to his friend."

The worship of athletics is advancing (as is, indeed, appropriate enough) by "leaps and bounds." The last certificate has been signed by a member of the faculty in favour of lawn tennis. Speaking from his own experience, this gentleman affirms that after "tournament play" even his mental faculties, "especially his perceptive powers and rapidity of judgment," are very greatly increased. It is not the doctor's business (but the reverse) to remind us that not every player can "stand the racket," and that an acquisition to the list of human ailments has been found in the "tennis arm." It seems strange, indeed, that a game should be found so intellectually invigorating to the player which reduces the spectator to the last stage of despondency. Has nobody a word to say in favour of bezique? I mention it because, like lawn tennis, it counts by tens instead of units, and has an inexplicable attraction for both sexes; but for my own part I have derived considerable benefits (which would have been greater had the points been higher) from the good old English game of cribbage. "My perceptive powers and rapidity of judgment" have been greatly quickened when the rule of pegging your adversary what he has omitted to score is observed. The wariness and close observation, "the artfulness in varying one's tactics," the "patience and perseverance," &c., which the doctor tells us are derived from lawn tennis, are also found in cribbage. Moreover, there is no "cribbage arm," but only "a hand" (and a crib).

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

So far as the termination of "Ninon" is concerned Mr. W. G. Wills is clearly wrong. Until I saw the play as revived by Miss Wallis at the Grand Theatre, Islington, the other evening, I had not set eyes on it for eight years. I remembered dimly that I had been extremely interested in the drama when it was originally produced at the Adelphi in 1880, but the whole of the plot and its details had completely faded out of my memory. It is ever thus. A few days after I have witnessed a play and written about it, the whole thing disappears from my mind, and it becomes entirely blank so far as that particular play is concerned. It is lucky it is so, or by this time I should be an inmate of a lunatic asylum. If I treasured up in the storehouse of my memory the details of every play I have seen and criticised for twenty-five years, I should by this time be a raving madman. It was open to me, of course, to refresh my memory with "Ninon," and to recall what I had written about it in the year 1880. But I preferred to forget "Ninon," and to approach it as a new work altogether. Without going back to any old files or recalling my original impression, I came to the conclusion that Mr. Wills had made a great mistake in working up his play to a climax and giving us an anti-climax instead. Here, if anywhere, a "happy ending" was a complete mistake. It was rumoured about the theatre that the play had been altered since it was originally produced at the Adelphi—hence the impression that the "happy ending" is a new idea. But this is not so. The play has been altered, barbarously altered, it has been edited, cut, carved, and mauled about by some clumsy hand, to the detriment of the work and to the stupefaction of the audience. We are not told now why the Royalist St. Cyr wears the Republican tricolour. We are not informed that his trick is to deceive the revolutionary party and to secure the rescue of the little Dauphin. We are not told—a most important point—that St. Cyr was suspected by the populace of gross treachery, and that he had had a personal feud with Marat himself. All these things, essential to the wellbeing of the drama, are cut out as if they had been so much rubbish. They do not affect the character of the heroine, so out they go. But they seriously affect the proper understanding of the drama: but that in a one-part play is supposed to be of little consequence. Every character in the play—and indirectly, too, the heroine—suffers from this barbarous and clumsy mutilation. The father of Ninon, so finely played by Mr. Fernandez at the outset, becomes a rambling, shambling, unmitigated old nuisance—a pointless, purposeless bore. The hero, St. Cyr, now that his political position is unexplained, is simply incomprehensible.

But the happy ending was there originally, and it is there now. There was only one end for such a play; only one termination for the somewhat mean-spirited and unheroic heroine who tricks, deceives, and goes on tricking and deceiving the man she loves. She should either die or be miserable for ever. Ninon is a female Judas. Because she supposes this Royalist St. Cyr has ruined her loved sister, she enters into a conspiracy to make love to him in order to betray him to his enemies. At his hand Ninon has received nothing but kindness. He has saved her life. She has been his guest. His home has been her hospitable harbour of refuge when she was starving and destitute. His love for her is repaid by the grossest and most inhuman treachery. Granted the revenge of a sister is terrible when she is brought face to face with the man who has ruined her, is there a woman in the world who would betray her lover, even unto death, for the sake of this inhuman vengeance? The object of the dramatist is to show the dramatic revulsion of horror when the woman discovers, too late, that she has betrayed not only her lover but an innocent man. But the dramatist misses his point altogether when he whitewashes the woman and saves the man. Both should die. That is the true tragedy; that is the complete climax. As to the man, he must die: there is no help for him. The woman should expire also over his dead body.

Or, as I ventured, with all humility, to point out in 1880, there is a happy alternative which would serve the situation just as well. The man, of course, must die, but the woman might be punished—and she well deserved it—by everlasting misery. A French author discovered the secret, for in a play called "Jean Dacier" precisely the same situation occurs. The betrayed hero, after an affecting parting, is led out to death. The guilty woman is left alone in an agony of apprehension. A shot is heard outside: the execution is accomplished: and then, after an appalling shriek from the woman alone on the stage, "Je l'ai tué!" the curtain falls. Now, this is true tragedy; not claptrap. This is how a French dramatist understands the situation. But an experience of eight years has not taught the English playwright that he is wrong. No; we hear the old cuckoo cry, "The audience would never stand it." Why on earth would they not stand it? What proof is there that they would not? Why should they not stand what is dramatically true instead of what is undramatically false?

Besides, see what an opportunity such a tragic termination gives to the actress! Miss Wallis surely will not maintain that the conventional kiss and the stereotyped "cuddle" as the curtain falls are or could be nearly so effective as the suspense, the silence, the shot outside, the shriek "I have killed him!" and the curtain that closes this sad, eventful history? It is easy enough to say that people won't stand this or that; but, at the same time, it may be observed that they are allowed no option in the matter. And there is another mistake continually made by the younger school of critics. They are under the impression that the "happy ending" is a fallacy that has been insisted on for years, and is only just being exploded. There never was a greater mistake in this world. A happy ending is sometimes as essential for the purpose of an author's play as a tragic one. I do not hesitate to say that to allow the hero of "The Profligate" to commit suicide with his wife's hand on the lock and within earshot of his death-cry would have been brutal, barbarous, and dramatically false. But I equally maintain that it is the feeblest claptrap, in the circumstances, to allow St. Cyr and Ninon to marry and live very happily ever afterwards. Miss Wallis met with a hearty welcome at Islington, and she plays Ninon with pathetic expression, tenderness, and force. She is a little slow at times, and over-elaborates her business. But it is acting that means something: most of our modern acting means nothing at all. Miss Wallis enters into the complex nature of the girl vowed to hate and doomed to love, and I wonder that she had not insisted on a dramatic death or lifelong doom. The play would gain strength and consistency if it were more clearly insisted on that Ninon is a daughter of the people, and hated the Royalists as her father hates them. This would justify in some measure her Judas-like betrayal of her lover. The other characters have been so cut and spoiled that they are scarcely recognisable, but Mr. W. Herbert, Mr. Bassett Roe, and Mr. Julian Cross work well in support of the "star."

An American actress, Miss Loie Fuller, has appeared at the Globe in a feeble specimen of American play called "Caprice." The lady is pretty and clever, and belongs to the "variety school," but she will never draw London in so dull and childish a work.

C.S.



## MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD.

The opening meetings connected with Mansfield College, the first Nonconformist college at Oxford, took place during the week ending Oct. 19. The establishment of this college is due to an increasing desire on the part of Nonconformists to come into closer association with the older Universities. The college exists primarily for the education of young men for the Congregational ministry. In addition to the ordinary advantages of a Free Church theological hall, its students will have the privilege of coming into contact with the life of the University, and of studying under some eminent English theologians among the University professors. A further object of the college is to provide a religious home and centre for the Nonconformists in the University. For many years past members of the Free Churches have been sending their sons to Oxford, and in founding Mansfield College they recognise it to be their duty to follow and help them there.

The first steps towards the foundation of the college were taken more than four years ago, and were due to the resolution of the trustees of Spring-hill College, Birmingham, to transfer their endowments to Oxford. The scheme under which this was done received the sanction of the Charity Commissioners, and was under their direction. The great success with which this scheme has been carried out is the result of the untiring efforts of the treasurer, Mr. Albert Spicer, and the secretaries, Dr. Dale and Dr. Hannay. The buildings are on an excellent site, purchased from Merton College, and commanding one of the finest views of Oxford. Their style is English Gothic of the Edwardian type, and they are from designs by Mr. Basil Champneys, of London. The buildings are grouped so as to form three sides of a quadrangle. The Principal's house and the library, with lecture-rooms below, form the west wing. The south side is formed by a further lecture-room block, the tower, and the dining-hall block. The chapel fills up the east side of the quadrangle. The whole exterior is ornamented with carved work, a prominent place being given to the arms of the principal benefactors of the college and of many old Puritan families. On entering the grounds from the narrow passage on the west side, known as Love-lane, the Principal's house is the first part of the building that arrests the attention of the visitor. This is connected with the library block by a small staircase. The library itself is one of the finest portions of the building. On the outside the ornamented lettering gives the first suggestion of its purpose—"Scientia" on the one side, "Theologia" on the other. Inside the library is fitted throughout with carved oak work, the shelves being arranged so as to form twelve alcoves, with an upper gallery, a large amount of space being thus secured. Below the library are two lecture-rooms, the larger of which, seating about two hundred persons, will be used for various kinds of public work, such as the Sunday evening lectures, which have hitherto proved successful.

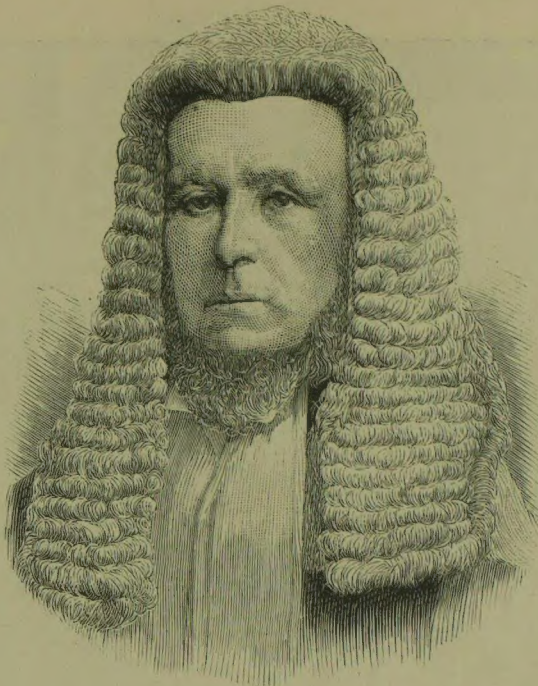
The ground floor of the central block nearest to the library is occupied by a tutor's sitting-room and guest-chamber, while above are two smaller lecture-rooms and the junior common-room. At the main entrance and high up in the centre of the tower is a statue of Milton. Below this are the college arms, and just over the doorway is the motto "Deus locutus est nobis in Filio." The tower inside is occupied by tutors' rooms and rooms for college servants. Between the tower and the chapel is the hall block, comprising, on the upper floor, the senior common-room and dining-hall, while on the ground floor are lavatories and kitchens. Over the fireplace in the senior common-room is a motto from Seneca, "Nullius boni sine socio jucunda possessio est." In the dining-hall, high over the fireplace, are the Mansfield arms, with the words "Deus illuxit nobis"; while lower down on the scroll appear the words "Beatus qui manducabit panem in regno Dei."

The chapel occupies the east end of the quadrangle. In the front of the vestry tower is a statue of Bunyan. Over the main entrance is a statue of Origen, holding a book. On the left-hand side, as the visitor enters the doorway, stands Athanasius, and on the right Augustine. Inside the chapel the statues are arranged in the following order: Beginning at the organ and passing towards the door, there are Wycliffe, Calvin, Cartwright, Baxter, Howe, and Whitefield. Then, crossing over and going back to the pulpit, the visitor sees the statues of Wesley, Watts, Owen, Hooker, Knox, and Luther. The stained-glass window at the end, the gift of Mr. Wills, of Bristol, and friends, shows the figures of Abraham, David, Moses, Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Peter, James, John, Paul, Andrew, and Matthew. The organ, which is also the gift of Mr. W. H. Wills, is by Mr. Jowles, of Bristol. Unfortunately, it cannot be completed before the Christmas vacation.

The general contractors for the building are Messrs. Parnell and Sons, of Rugby. The furnishing of the hall and senior common-room has been done under the direction of the architect, and the remainder of the building under Mr. G. Faulkner Armitage of Altrincham. The statues and carvings are by Mr. Bridgman of Lichfield.

A voluminous Order in Council is published in the *Gazette* containing the rules and regulations for the legal government of the various parts of Africa and the Island of Madagascar, over which her Majesty the Queen has power and jurisdiction.

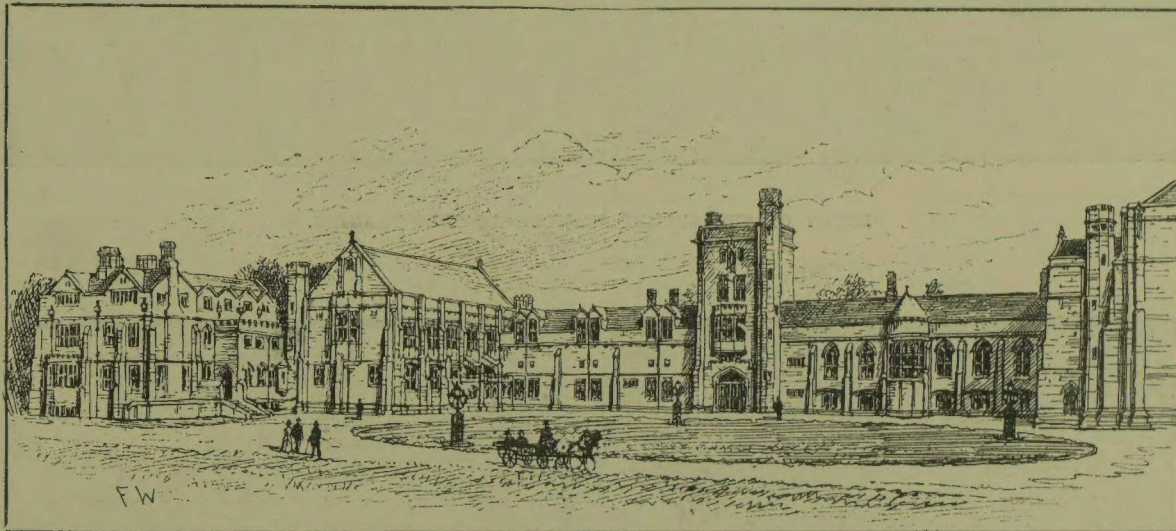
Our Portrait of the late Lord Fitzgerald is from a photograph by Messrs. Werner and Son, Grafton-street, Dublin; that of the late Lord Digby, from one by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent-street, London; that of the late Sir Daniel Gooch, Bart., from one by Messrs. Hill and Saunders, of Eton; and that of the late Mr. James Robertson, from one by Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly. The Portrait of the late King of Portugal is from a photograph by A. Fillon, of Lisbon; that of the new King, by Nadar, of Paris; and that of the young Queen, by Numa Blanc, of Cannes.



THE LATE LORD FITZGERALD.  
SEE OBITUARY, PAGE 542.

## THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO AT TANGIER.

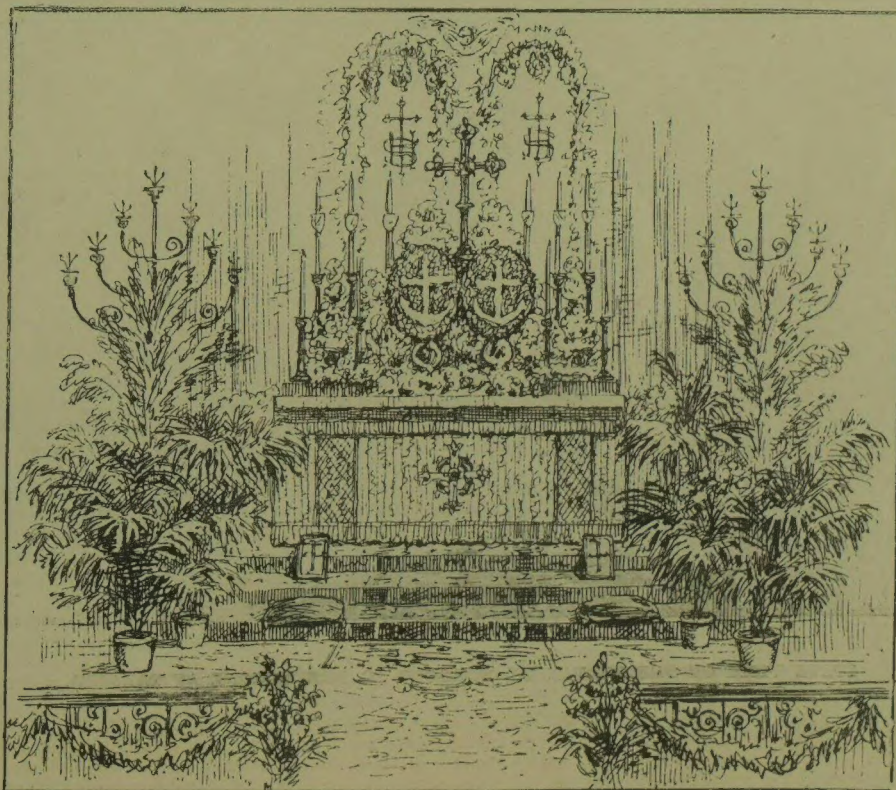
The recent visit of "his Sheriffian Majesty," Muley Hassan, Emperor of Morocco, Sultan of Fez, Mequinez, Tafilet, Sus, and other Moorish kingdoms in North-Western Africa, to his loyal city of Tangier, opposite the Spanish coast, a short distance outside the Straits of Gibraltar, has been illustrated by us with the aid of Sketches sent by a British naval officer, Messrs. Cavilla and Co., photographers, of Tangier, also furnish several views of different scenes and proceedings there, two of which appear in our present Engravings. The first is that of the Sultan's State entry into the city on Sept. 22, passing



MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD.

through lines of soldiery, Askar (infantry) on one side and Majasnia (cavalry) on the other. The State visit of his Majesty to the chief Mosque of Tangier, at noon on the Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, is shown in our second illustration. He has sent a special diplomatic Envoy to Madrid, and has given his consent to the Spanish Government laying down a telegraph cable from Algesiras to Tangier, and to the western ports of Morocco.

The Commander-in-Chief has approved of the uniform of the Civil Service Rifles being changed to light grey, the present blue facings and black belts being retained.



HARVEST FESTIVAL CHURCH DECORATIONS, ST. CLEMENT DANES, STRAND.

## THE MOSSFIELD COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

The terrible disaster of Oct. 16, by which nearly seventy persons were killed, at the Mossfield Colliery, Adderley Green, near Longton, was one of the worst that have occurred in the North Staffordshire coal-fields for many years. The Mossfield Colliery is worked by Hawley and Bridgwood (Limited), the managing director being Mr. J. G. Bakewell, an alderman of Longton, and the certificated manager Mr. James Potts. The catastrophe occurred in the pits known as the "Old Sal," which have been worked for a number of years without loss of life from a similar cause. The shaft is 450 yards deep, and the ventilation of the mines is carried out by means of a Waddell cam, 35 ft. in diameter, capable of attaining a speed of fifty revolutions per second. The present workings are in the recovered seams, and in connection with the Banbury hard-mine and Cockshead coal. About five hundred men are employed at the colliery, where the usual method of shifts is pursued. It was in the Cockshead seam that the explosion seems to have occurred. A large number of men had descended the pit at night for the shift which would have terminated, had all gone well, at half past five next morning. At a quarter before four in the morning a tremendous report was heard on the surface, and quantities of smoke and dust issued from the shaft. No doubt was left as to the nature of the occurrence, and a scene of the wildest excitement ensued at the pit-head. As soon as circumstances would permit, an exploring party, led by Mr. James Potts, the manager, descended the pit. The destructive effects were visible in all directions, and great obstacles had to be overcome before the real work of recovering the bodies could be proceeded with. All the men who were employed in the hard-mine escaped, and ten who were at work in the extremity of the Banbury also found their way to the pit-bottom in safety. They were speedily conveyed to the surface and sent home. The unfortunate men who were working in the Cockshead seam were all killed. In this part of the mine the destruction was complete. The bodies recovered were buried on the following Sunday in the Longton Cemetery. The Mayor of Longton has formed a committee for the relief of the bereaved families, and subscriptions are received by the Lord Mayor of London. An inquest has been opened by the local coroner, and an official inquiry concerning the cause of the explosion. It is known that a "gob" fire had been burning for some time in the Cockshead seam.

## ST. CLEMENT DANES HARVEST FESTIVAL.

A pleasant feature in the secondary affairs of the parochial system in the Church of England is the increasing custom of special thanksgiving services for the harvest, with the appropriate decoration of the place of social worship. The fine old church of St. Clement Danes, near the east end of the Strand, under the present Rector, the Rev. J. J. H. S. Pennington, M.A., of Clare College, Cambridge, is attended by much larger congregations than at some former periods. Its Harvest Festival services—on Thursday, Oct. 17, and Sunday, Oct. 20—were notably successful. The Dean of Canterbury, who had been announced as preacher, being absent on account of indisposition, his place was supplied by the Rev. H. A. Cotton, Minor Canon of Westminster Abbey, on Thursday evening, and on Sunday the Rev. R. J. Simpson, former Rector of this parish, now Vicar of St. Peter's, Eltham, and the Rev. T. Moore, Rector of Allhallows, were the preachers. The other parts of the services were conducted by the Rector and his Curate, the Rev. R. Thomas. The decorations were chiefly of floral materials presented by people of the parish. The altar was profusely decorated with white chrysanthemums and double scarlet geraniums, the flowers in vases being arranged so as to form the device of St. Clement Danes, an anchor and a cross, surrounded with pampas grass; foliage plants and palms were placed in the chancel. The Rector's and the Reader's stall, in the choir, were adorned with corn, choice grapes and other fruit, and flowers; the lectern, recently moved to the centre of the church, was adorned with ferns—one plant, sent from Cornwall, being of wonderfully ancient growth—and with a floral arrangement of horseshoe shape, surmounted by a very fine bunch of grapes. The pulpit had a wreath of white chrysanthemums and red geraniums, mixed with corn and with autumn foliage, with a pendant cross of the same. Around the noble old gallery, in which Dr. Johnson's seat is marked by an inscribed tablet, were exhibited gifts of bread, corn, vegetables, and fruit, which Mr. Cartwright, the vergier, had arranged. These articles were distributed on Monday among the poor of the parish. The font was ornamented with choice flowers, fruit, and corn. The interior of St. Clement Danes is of fine architectural proportions; and its carved oak pulpit, one of the admired works of Grinling Gibbons, and its grand organ, built by Father Smith, with silver pipes, are treasures of church furniture. With regard to the musical services, having a clever young organist, Miss Wood, and a choir of thirty vocalists, whose execution has been much improved by training under Mr. Mapp, the choirmaster, the Harvest Festival was effective in that respect, and a solo part sung by Mr. Childs produced a great impression. The collections after the services yielded thrice the amount of money that was collected at the Harvest Festival last year.

The stewards of the Jockey Club have overruled the objection to Primrose Day as winner of the Cesarewitch.

The Brighton and Hove International Exhibition has been opened at Hove. The building, covering about three acres, has been erected on a site between Holland-road and Palmeira-avenue, at a cost of over £3000. The exhibits included various manufactures, jewellery, antique articles, paintings, &c. It will remain open for three months.





ENTRY OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO INTO TANGIER.



STATE VISIT OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO TO THE MOSQUE AT TANGIER.



## THE LATE KING OF PORTUGAL.

After a prolonged and painful illness, his Majesty the King of Portugal, Luis I., died on Saturday, Oct. 19, having reigned twenty-eight years, and is succeeded by King Carlos I., his eldest son.

The late King, Dom Luis de Bourbon, was the second son of Queen Maria II. (Donna Maria da Gloria) and her husband, Dom Fernando, Prince of Saxe-Coburg. He was born on Oct. 31, 1833, and succeeded his brother Pedro V. on Nov. 11, 1861, as the second Sovereign of the Braganza-Coburg Royal family of Portugal. Before that time he had borne the title of Duke of Oporto, and commanded the corvette Bartholomeu-Dias. On Oct. 6 of the following year he married, at first by deputy and then in person, Maria Pia, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. His reign has been important for his kingdom. The chief events in foreign and colonial politics have been the Treaty of Tien-



CARLOS I., THE NEW KING OF PORTUGAL.

Tsin, by which China ceded to Portugal the Peninsula of Macao, and the Spanish Revolution. Luis I. refused to take any active part in the events then proceeding in the neighbouring kingdom, or to offer himself as a candidate for the Spanish throne. Slavery was abolished throughout the Portuguese dominions in February 1868, and in the Cape Verd Islands ten years later, but the Portuguese officials



THE LATE KING LUIS I. OF PORTUGAL.

in Africa have still a certain degree of toleration for the slave trade. Many internal reforms marked the late King's reign, the chief of which was the establishment of a good system of primary and secondary education. The finances of the country have passed through critical periods, the most serious of which was in 1869. In order to relieve that crisis, energetic measures were taken—among them a spontaneous reduction, by the King, of the Civil List, and a sale of the goods of the clergy. This latter measure nearly had disastrous consequences. General Saldanha, Ambassador at Rome, resigned his office, and on his return to Portugal in 1870 instigated a military revolt directed against the Duke of Loulé, which resulted in the overthrow of the existing Cabinet and his own accession to power for a short time. In 1877 the Prince of Wales paid a visit to his Majesty, and was received with the utmost cordiality. King Luis was one of the most literary of monarchs, and among his best-known works are translations of Shakspeare into the Portuguese language. He visited England in 1854, as Duke of Oporto, with his brother, King Pedro, and again in 1886.

The new King of Portugal, Carlos I., was born Sept. 23, 1863, and has hitherto been known as the Duke of Braganza. He married, in 1886, a daughter of the Comte de Paris, heir to the monarchical pretensions of the French Royal family.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING IN GREECE.

The marriage of his Royal Highness Constantine, Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of the Greek Kingdom, to her Imperial and Royal Highness Princess Sophie, one of the daughters of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, King of Prussia, and of the Empress Frederick, Princess Royal of Great Britain, is an event of great interest both to the German and to the English Royal family. It has taken place at Athens, and was attended by the German Emperor, William II., brother to the bride, by the Empress his Consort, the Empress Frederick and her daughters, the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor of Wales, the King and Queen of Denmark, the Czarewitch of Russia, and other Royal personages.

Constantine, Duke of Sparta, was born at Athens on July 21, 1868, eldest child of his Majesty George I., King of the Hellenes (that is to say, King of Greece), and of Queen Olga,



THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

Grand Duchess of Russia, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, who is uncle to the Emperor Alexander III. Princess Sophie of Prussia and of the German Empire (Sophie Dorothea Ulrica Alice) is the fifth child and third daughter of her parents, and was born at Potsdam on June 14, 1870.

The King of Greece, second son of the King of Denmark, was born in 1845, and married Grand Duchess Olga of Russia in 1867.



THE DUKE OF SPARTA, CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE.



PRINCESS SOPHIE OF PRUSSIA, BRIDE OF THE DUKE OF SPARTA.



## THE COURT.

The Queen, with Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Amphyll, returned to Balmoral Castle on Oct. 18, from the Glassalt Shiel, where her Majesty had gone the previous day. The Duke of Rutland, G.C.B., arrived at the Castle as Minister in attendance, and dined with the Queen and the Royal family. The Hon. Marie Adeane arrived as Maid of Honour in Waiting, the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson having left. The Queen drove on the morning of the 19th, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps, and in the afternoon with Princess Beatrice and Miss Minnie Cochrane. Viscountess Downe has succeeded Lady Amphyll as Lady in Waiting. Miss McNeill arrived at the Castle. Lady Amphyll and the Hon. Harriet Phipps have left. The Duke of Rutland dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Her Majesty received in the evening the sad news of the death of the King of Portugal, the Queen's first cousin once removed. The Queen was much grieved, as she had been on terms of true affection and friendship with his Majesty for thirty years. The Queen and Princess Beatrice were present at Divine service in the parish church of Crathie on Sunday morning, the 20th. The Communion was dispensed. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Miss McNeill, and Colonel the Hon. Henry Byng were in attendance. The Duke of Rutland again dined with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen went out on the morning of the 21st with Princess Beatrice, and drove in the afternoon, attended by Viscountess Downe. The ex-Empress Eugénie dined with the Queen and the Royal family. The Marquis and Marquise de Bassano, in attendance on the Empress, and the Duke of Rutland were included in the dinner party.

The Prince and Princess of Wales visited, on their way to Athens, the Cathedral of St. Mark and the Ducal Palace at Venice. The Prince of Wales and Princes Albert Victor and George were present at the performance at the Goldoni



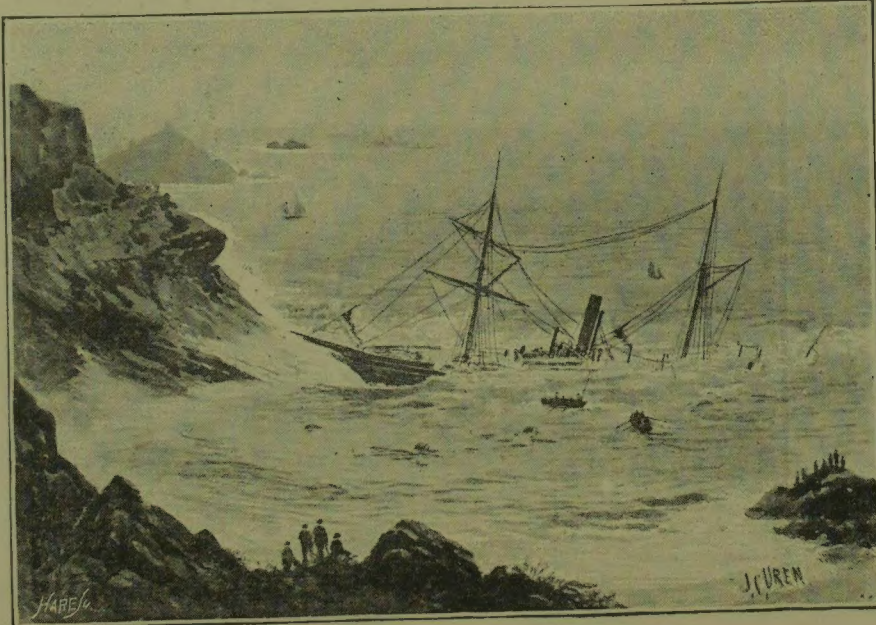
THE LATE LORD DIGBY.  
SEE OBITUARY, PAGE 542.

## LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL LICENSING.

The London County Council sat on Oct. 18, in the Council Chamber, Guildhall, as the licensing authority in respect of music, dancing, and theatre licenses, Lord Rosebery presiding. A Committee, of which Mr. Fardell was Chairman, had nearly a fortnight before held a preliminary inquiry at the Sessions House, Newington, and previously in Clerkenwell, receiving applications for such licenses, hearing objections, and taking evidence, which in some cases referred to the character of the entertainments heretofore indulged at the music-halls. 'Songs of an immoral tendency, and indecent dances or gestures, were complained of by Mr. McDougall, Mr. Charrington, and other members of the County Council; on the other hand, the applications on behalf of several large establishments were supported by counsel—Mr. Poland, Q.C., Mr. Grain, Mr. Besley, Mr. Bodkin, and others—before the Committee, while the proprietors and managers came forward to answer questions, and to give the required promises of strict propriety in the future. The proceedings at the full Council meeting on Oct. 18 were remarkably lively, but after some discussion the licenses recommended by the Committee were all granted, and, in accordance with the recommendation of the Committee, certain licenses were refused. Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., addressed the Council in support of the request for a license for the Trocadero, which was discussed at considerable length, and eventually granted by 81 votes to 34; and the license for the Royal Aquarium was also granted by 82 votes to 28. Lord Rosebery, who presided, said the Council was enormously indebted to the Licensing Committee, and particularly to Mr. McDougall, for their labours in the matter. Now that a warning has been given to the conductors of music-halls, it was to be hoped the standard of amusement at those places would be raised.

## THE WILL OF LADY HOLLAND.

The will of the Right Honourable Mary Augusta, Lady Holland, has been proved by G. D. Atkinson Clark, Esq., one of the executors and trustees, power being reserved to his Grace the Duke of St. Albans and F. G. Davidson, Esq., the other executors and trustees nominated by the will. The net personal estate has been sworn over £44,000. The St. Anne's Hill estate, together with the contents of the mansion (with the exception of the property known as Rooksbury House, which is given to her niece, Mrs. Atkinson Clark, absolutely), is devised to the Dowager Lady Lilford for life, with remainder to her second son, the Honourable Leopold William Henry Powys, for life, and subsequently entailed upon his male issue, with an ultimate devise to the Right Honourable Thomas Littleton, Lord Lilford, absolutely. The Wiltshire estates are left upon similar limitations to those affecting the St. Anne's Hill estate, except the limitation for life in favour of the Dowager Lady Lilford. Various annuities and pecuniary and specific legacies are bequeathed by the will in favour of numerous friends and members of the household at Holland House and St. Anne's Hill. Her Ladyship's portrait in a straw hat, by Watts, at Holland House, is bequeathed to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Lady Holland bequeaths to the Right Honourable the Earl of Ilchester, absolutely, all such of the furniture and contents of Holland House as were not the subject of the arrangements in his favour made in her Ladyship's lifetime, under which his Lordship became the owner of Holland House and the Kensington estate. The whole of the residuary estate is left, upon trust, to follow the limitations of the Wiltshire estates.



WRECK OF THE CUNARD STEAM-SHIP MALTA AT THE LAND'S END.

## THE LATE MR. JAMES ROBERTSON.

The Great Eastern Railway Company has lost a most valuable administrative official by the death of Mr. James Robertson, superintendent and traffic manager, on Oct. 7, at his residence at Tottenham. Mr. Robertson was born in 1818 at Blair Athol, in Perthshire; he began work as an engineer with the late Mr. Joseph Mitchell, M.I.C.E., at Inverness, and was engaged on the turnpike roads and bridges in the Highlands. Then he came to London, and entered the service of the South-Western Railway Company at Nine Elms. Sir Joseph Locke, recognising his ability, retained him on his permanent staff, and he rose to the position of being one of the great engineer's chief assistants in laying out numerous projects for new lines of railway. Mr. Robertson was elected a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1854. He obtained, in 1851, the post of manager and secretary of the Greenock Railway, with which he remained only about a year, in consequence of its being taken over by the Caledonian Railway. He was then appointed General Manager of the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee line, on which he remained for nearly three years, until it became amalgamated with the North British Railway. In May 1856 he came to the Eastern Counties Railway, which included the Northern and Eastern, the Norfolk, the East Anglian, and the Newmarket and Eastern Union Railways, to take up the post of Superintendent at the old Bishopsgate Station, Shoreditch. In 1862 all these lines were amalgamated under the title of the Great Eastern Railway. Mr. Robertson held on this the same position of superintendent, which he retained till his death. Upon him fell the duty of bringing into practical use the new system of block working and interlocking of signals, with the other improvements which arose during his administration, and which are now adopted on nearly the whole line. On the construction of the Liverpool-street Station all the working arrangements were made by him, and he had a great deal to



THE LATE MR. JAMES ROBERTSON, C.E.,  
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

do with perfecting the schemes of the new Metropolitan lines. His funeral in the Tottenham Cemetery, on Friday, Oct. 11, was attended by the principal officials of the Great Eastern Railway and a great number of its other servants.

## THE NITRATE WORKS OF CHILE.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who lately visited Chile, furnishes sketches of one of the most important mineral industries of that country, with the following note on the subject:—

"The two nitrate oficinas of Jaz Pampa and Paccha count among the most important, and are undoubtedly the most picturesquely situated, of any on the Pampas of Tarapaca. They are built on opposite sides of a deep quebrada, or, as it would be termed in the mining districts of North America, gulch, through which the Nitrate Railway passes. Indeed, the word Jaz, a local term implying divided, is here used to denote the fashion in which the level surface of the pampa has been rent apart by some bygone convulsion of nature. Advantage has been taken of this natural formation to lay out the oficinas of the Jaz in such wise as to obtain unusual facilities for commodious and economical working. The caliche or raw material of nitrate, having been extracted from the calicheras situate on the Pampas, is brought to the crushers erected at the summit of the maquina, and, being run through them, falls into the boiling tanks below. The nitrate in solution flows into the bateas or precipitating-tanks, where, on cooling, it crystallises; while the earthy refuse, or ripio, left in the boiling-tanks, is cleared out by hand, and shot from tip-cars into the valley below. The nitrate ground attached to the two oficinas contains caliche of very high quality; that on the Jaz Pampa side of the quebrada is, indeed, of unusual thickness of stratum and richness in nitrate. The caliche on the other side is also rich, and has the advantage of lying near to the surface. Another advantage is that these oficinas are the two lying nearest to the terminal port of shipment, Pisagua, and hence enjoy cheaper rates of freight on the railway for their products than any others. Up to a recent date they were the joint property of Colonel North and Mr. Charles Comber; but it is intended to bring them out as a joint-stock company under the title of the La Paccha Nitrate Company."

Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram, the well-known marine-painter, who is president of the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists, has succeeded in gaining for that body the distinction of "Royal."



THE LATE SIR DANIEL GOOCH, BART., C.E.,  
CHAIRMAN OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.  
SEE OBITUARY, PAGE 542.

Theatre on Oct. 18, and were cordially received by the audience. The orchestra played the British National Anthem on the arrival of the Royal party. The Prince and Princess and family left for the Piræus on board the Royal yacht Osborne the next morning, to be present at the Royal marriage. It is stated that the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor will leave Athens on the 28th for Port Said.—The Prince of Wales has consented to open the new Royal Victoria Hospital at Bournemouth on Jan. 16. It is hoped that his Royal Highness, who will be at that date the guest of Lord Wimborne, at Canford Manor, will be accompanied by the Princess.

Orders are published in the *London Gazette* for the Court's going into mourning on Oct. 24 for the late King of Portugal and the Algarves, and first cousin, once removed, to her Majesty the Queen.

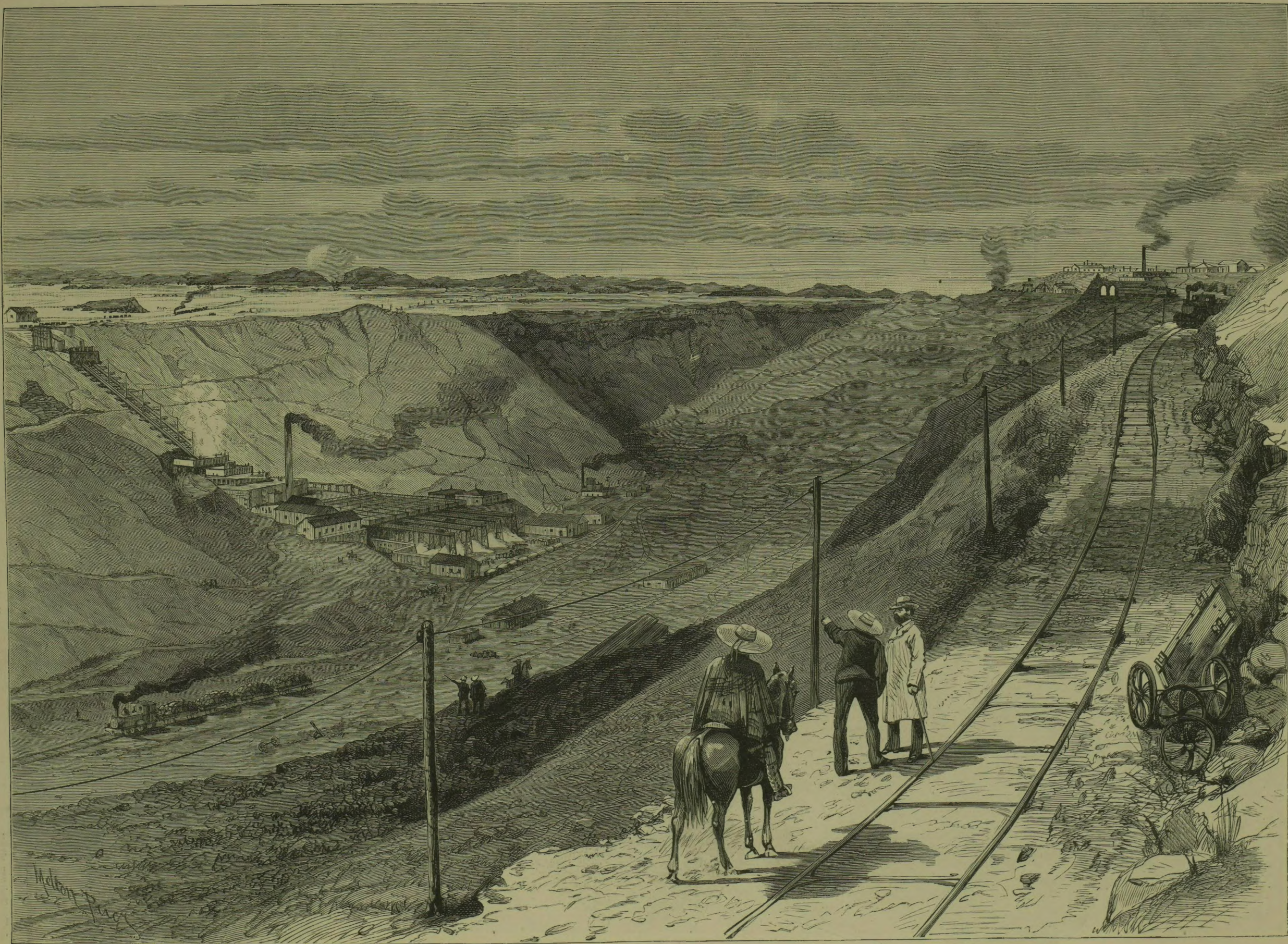
## WRECK OF A CUNARD STEAMER.

On Tuesday, Oct. 15, in a dense fog late in the evening, at Cape Cornwall, near Land's End, the iron screw-steamer Malta, bound from Liverpool to Falmouth, and thence to the Mediterranean, got upon the rocks; the passengers and crew were landed in safety at Wheal Castle, an old mine close to the point, and, climbing up the rocks, made their way to St. Just; but the vessel was soon under water, and became a total wreck. The Malta was an old vessel, of 2244 tons burthen, owned by the Cunard Steam-Ship Company of Liverpool; there were nineteen passengers on board, of whom eight were ladies. They, and the crew afterwards, were promptly taken ashore in the ship's own boats, the sea being quite calm at the time. Our illustration of the wreck is from a sketch by Mr. J. C. Uren, of Penzance, taken next day.

The Lord Mayor entertained at the Mansion House on Oct. 22 the Lords Provosts and Mayors of the United Kingdom.

The marriage of the Rev. Sholto Douglas Campbell Douglas, of Douglas Support, Lanarkshire, brother to Sir Archibald C. Campbell of Blythswood, Bart., M.P., with Miss Violet Paget, second daughter of the late Lord Alfred Paget, took place in Hampton parish church on Oct. 22. The Hon. Granville Waldegrave was the best man; and the bridesmaids were Miss Lettice Paget, niece of the bride, Miss Sydney Dyke, and Miss Susan and Miss Alice Grosvenor, cousins of the bride. Colonel Arthur Paget gave his sister away.





NITRATE WORKS IN CHILE.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.





- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| 1. The Chairman advises.  | 4. Mr. John Burns denounces the action of the Committee. | 7. Mr. Poland asks lenient treatment for the Aquarium.      |
| 2. The Chairman of the Licensing Committee presents the report. | 5. Mr. Grain pleads.                                     | 8. Mr. McDougall on Propriety.                              |
| 3. Sir C. Russell, for the Trocadero, reads "In the Future."    | 6. Mr. Charrington speaks from personal experience.      | 9. The "only elected Clerical Councillor" agrees to differ. |

THE LICENSING QUESTION: SKETCHES AT THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.





DEERSTALKING: A SHORT CUT ON THE WAY HOME.



## NOVELS.

*The Master of Ballantrae.* By R. L. Stevenson. One vol. (Cassell and Co.)—Masterly literary workmanship, a style of plain and frugal strength which makes the impression of strict veracity, and which is cunningly flavoured with the idioms natural to the supposed narrator in a past age, and the skilful presentation of a series of startling adventures, which fatally affect the lives of several persons, are Mr. Stevenson's acknowledged talents. In these executive faculties of story-telling he is not excelled by any writer of our time; but his stories, when told, leave only the sensation that curiosity has been agreeably entertained with strange incidents effectively described, and there is nothing to gratify the higher imaginative sentiment that delights in fresh revelations of the noble capacities of human nature. Passions and actions there are, presented with much dramatic energy, but all moving on the lower plane of selfishness, pride, greed, envy, hatred, and malice, in unrelenting strife to a foreseen tragedy, which has so little of the heroic element that it fails "to purge the heart by pity and terror." This is the story of a lifelong fratricidal enmity between two sons of a Scottish peer, Lord Durrisdeer, residing on the Ayrshire coast at the period of the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745. The author's preceding tales, "Kidnapped" and "The Treasure Island," which we much prefer to this one, have left reminiscences in the reader's mind which detract, in some degree, from the air of novelty that should aid to captivate our fancy in a story of the kind. James Durie, the elder son, who was styled "Master of Ballantrae" as heir apparent to that estate, chooses to follow the standard of Prince Charles Edward, while his father and his brother, Henry Durie, profess loyalty to King George, by a family arrangement notoriously used in many such cases, to save the property and title from confiscation, whichever side might be victorious in the civil war. After the final defeat at Culloden, James, always spoken of as "The Master," escapes to France, but is for some time supposed to be dead. The young lady he was to have married, being under the old lord's guardianship, becomes the unloving wife of Henry, who succeeds his outlawed and exiled brother as legal heir, but whose stiff and reserved disposition renders him unpopular in the neighbourhood and disagreeable to his wife. Henry is nevertheless a man of rigid honesty, a dutiful son, an affectionate husband, suffering cruelly from the coldness, even the aversion, with which he is unjustly treated, and incessantly provoked by taunting comparisons of himself to his brilliant, versatile, accomplished, unscrupulous brother. The only real friend he has, Mr. Mackellar, the faithful steward, who is supposed to narrate the entire family history, comes forth as an original character far more interesting than the principals; indeed, the humble, self-devoted, unsolicited service of this single-hearted man to the welfare of his patron is the redeeming feature of the book. Without Mackellar, we confess, we could not read the fortunes of Mr. Henry and the Master of Ballantrae with any patience; the one is a simpleton, till he is suddenly converted into a desperate and malignant madman; the other is a common type of the profligate adventurer, traitor, spy, seducer, comrade and captain of pirates, ready murderer, and general swaggerer, fascinating in presence and conversation, who has figured countless times in the stage repertory of fiction. Our sympathies are little concerned in the fate of either, and Mrs. Henry's misplaced affections do not much trouble us, for she is a mere shadow of womanhood. It may be anticipated that James Durie, the enterprising, audacious gallant, having saved his neck from the gallows and won rank in the French army, comes again to Scotland, with a secret guarantee for his personal safety granted in return for betraying the Jacobites, extorts money from his brother, deceives his imbecile old father, insults Henry, and tampers with the peace of the household. Henry, driven wild by these practices, and dreading to lose his wife and child, fights with his detested brother, runs a sword through his body, and thinks he has killed him; but the man is carried off by smugglers and continues to live, going to India, whence he returns with a mysterious retainer named Secundra Dass. Further persecution makes Henry, now Lord Durrisdeer, quite insane; but he resolves on emigration, sailing with his family to the American Colonies, where he owns another estate. Now James has a buried treasure of gold and jewels, the prize of his former crimes of West Indian piracy, hidden in the forest of the Adirondacks, up the river Hudson. In quest of this secret hoard he crosses the Atlantic, following Henry, who meets him at New York, and who is henceforth murderously intent on taking his obnoxious brother's life. Plots are laid for the purpose, despite the pious remonstrances of Mackellar, who has nevertheless constantly prayed to the Almighty that the terrible "Master" should die, and has once tried to push him overboard in a voyage at sea. We care little for the end, which comes by the Master being artfully interred alive, Secundra Dass being unable to revive him, when Henry, Lord Durrisdeer, expires at the horror of the sight. Mr. Rider Haggard might have written that sort of thing—hidden treasure, scalping savages, swamps and forests and mountains, and all. Few novelists can write better than Mr. Stevenson. It is in the conception of his subject, not in the execution of the narrative, that he falls below a high standard of approved works of fiction.

*Hard Held. A Sporting Novel.* By Sir Randal H. Roberts, Bart. One vol. (Spencer Blackett and Hallam.)—In this short and lively story, which is a sequel to "Curb and Snaffle," the complications arising from the deceased Bishop of Beverley's clandestine marriage, in his early life as a Cambridge student, to a girl named Hazelhurst, at a farmhouse in the New Forest, are developed to the embarrassment of his sons, the Rev. Sir Julian Fitzmurray, Bart., of Conroy Castle, and Mr. Conroy Fitzmurray of The Briers. The descriptions of sporting scenes—of trout-fishing, partridge-shooting (with dogs), and a run with fox-hounds, on a false scent insidiously furnished by a "drag"—are decidedly good. Sir Julian, though in clerical orders, the eldest son of a Bishop, is a great country gentleman of vast wealth, and fond of those rural pastimes; he appears, too, on the racecourse at Goodwood, where he even makes a small bet through his private secretary; and he sails a fine schooner-yacht. Apart from the considerable sporting element, and the sharp practice of an American stranger, Mr. Coulton Asprey, in a game of billiards, this story is mainly one of the detective police, and the detection of a disguised villain, George Hazelhurst, forger, burglar, escaped convict, and travelling blackleg, who figures as a moneyed man in the garb of Mr. Asprey. Many readers like such detective stories, with their artful disguises, private inquiries, spying through doors and windows, listening and watching, and intercepting letters, to defeat criminal plots. Those who have read "Curb and Snaffle" may remember that this George Hazelhurst is what may be called step-uncle, or uncle by marriage, to the Rev. Sir Julian, and is also uncle to Mrs. Conroy Fitzmurray, his cousin's wife. There is an innocent and beautiful little girl, brought to England by one Abel Wilson, or Carriack, a roving Californian miner, who becomes head gamekeeper in Sir Julian's park. This child, Gertrude, is the motherless but legitimate offspring of George Hazelhurst; and Sir Julian, believing her father to be dead, gives her a good education, as she might hereafter be heiress to the property of her cousin,

Mrs. Conroy Fitzgerald. Her father, coming back as Coulton Asprey, lays a scheme to carry her off, which is baffled by the astute detective, Mr. Boltem; and the circumstances are so explained that, when Hazelhurst is finally put out of the way, Gertrude, having grown up a lovely and accomplished young lady, is chosen by Sir Julian for his wife. Heredity is a doctrine of modern scientific anthropology which some novelists seem to disregard.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

The examiners for the Oxford University Hebrew scholarships have elected Mr. J. F. Stenning, Hody Exhibitioner of Wadham College, to the Junior Kennicott Scholarship, which is of the annual value of £120; and Mr. G. B. Gray, non-collegiate student, and Mr. G. H. Box, exhibitioner of St. John's College, to the Pusey and Ellerton Scholarships, which are of the annual value of £40. Mr. H. A. White, B.A., of New College, has been elected a Fellow of that society, after an examination having special reference to excellence in the subject of theology. Mr. White was placed in the first class by the classical moderators of 1884, carried off the junior Greek Testament prize in 1886, gained a first class in the final honour school of *literæ humaniores* in 1887, and a first class in the honour school of theology in 1888. At Brasenose College, Mr. F. Madan, M.A., sub-librarian of the Bodleian Library, has been elected to a Fellowship, and Mr. R. H. Dun, of the Loretto School, has been elected to a Somerset scholarship.

At Trinity College, Cambridge, the four following members have been elected to Fellowships: Mr. Connop Williams, B.A., First Class Classic, 1886, Chancellor Medallist and Craven Scholar; Mr. Henry Babington Smith, B.A., Sir William Browne's Medallist, Second Chancellor Medallist, 1886, and honourably mentioned in the examination for the Craven Scholarship; Mr. Robert Cory Gibson, B.A., First Class Classic, 1886; and Mr. Charles Platts, B.A., Seventh Wrangler, 1886.

The Edinburgh University Union building, which has just been completed at Park-place, was formally opened on Oct. 19 by the Lord Justice General, the Right Hon. John Inglis, Chancellor of the University. There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen. In the evening the students had a torchlight procession in honour of the occasion.

## THE HARVEIAN ORATION.

On Oct. 18 the President and Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians assembled in the great hall of the College for the purpose of listening to the Harveian Oration, the orator this year being Dr. James E. Pollock. Sir Andrew Clark, the President, occupied the chair, and among a large number of gentlemen present were Lord Denman, Cardinal Manning, Count Leyden, Sir Henry Pitman, Sir A. Garrod, Sir J. R. Bennett, and Canon Duckworth.

Dr. Pollock had selected for his subject "The Life and Work of Dr. Harvey," in commemoration of whose labours the oration is annually delivered. He said that the period at which Dr. Harvey lived—immediately after the great Reformation—was singularly appropriate to the shaking off of errors in scientific as well as religious knowledge; but even before Harvey's time great minds had been at work with a view of acquiring more certain information as to the functions performed by that most important of all organs—the heart. He had, however, been unable to find any ground for the claims of other medical scientists to the discovery of the circulation of the blood, with which Harvey's name had for 200 years been associated. That discovery was doubtless the result of a careful study of the works and opinions of his predecessors, together with frequent and elaborate experiments. There were but few animals which he did not examine by vivisection, and it was only true to say that without the aid of such experiments it would have been impossible to arrive at the certainty that had been attained. With regard to Harvey's religious belief, they possessed but little knowledge; but after his deep study of the mechanism of the human body, it was inconceivable to suppose that he could doubt the existence of a creative power. In fact, as Darwin had remarked, the question as to whether there really was a Creator and a Ruler of the Universe had been answered in the affirmative by the greatest minds that ever existed. It had been asked what practical effect had the discoveries of Harvey and his successors had upon the health of the people at large. Were we a healthier nation in consequence of them? and, above all, did more individuals survive through the different periods of life? The Registrar-General's statistics proved, beyond doubt, that a marked decline had occurred in the death-rate during the past forty-five years, and much of that was doubtless due to the passing of Public Health Acts, which were the outcome of the advances made in medical science. The great decrease in mortality was between five years and thirty-five years of age, and, in fact, two years had on the average been added to every male life, and three and a half years to the life of every female. By far the larger proportion of added life was between the ages of twenty and forty—the most useful period—and he understood that the decennial period now approaching completion would show a marked improvement in aged life. These results had beyond doubt been attained by increased medical knowledge, by a better acquaintance with the laws of health and the causes of disease, and by the adoption and enforcement of sanitary measures which had become the law of the land.

At the conclusion of the oration the President announced that the Baly Medal for medical science, which was held by some of the most distinguished men in the world, had this year been awarded to Dr. Heidenhain, of Breslau. That gentleman was, however, unable to be present, and his friend Count Leyden accepted the medal on his behalf.

Lord Zetland was on Oct. 16 waited upon, at his Yorkshire seat, by deputations from the district to congratulate him on his appointment as Viceroy of Ireland.

The autumn prize meeting of the North London Rifle Club, of which Lord Wolseley is president, was held on Oct. 16 at the Park Range, near Tottenham, in very unfavourable weather. The event of the day was the magnificent shooting of Private Rosenthal, of the Hon. Artillery Company, and hon. sec. of the club, who, at Queen's Prize first-stage ranges, compiled the aggregate of 99 points out of the possible 105.

During September the meters of the Fishmongers' Company seized at Billingsgate and destroyed 54 tons 16 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food. Of this 43 tons were wet fish and 21 tons shell-fish; 37 tons came by land and 17 tons by water. During September the total weight of fish delivered at Billingsgate was 11,596 tons, of which 8391 tons came by land and 3205 tons by water. The fish seized included coalfish, cod, crabs, cels, gurnets, haddocks, hake, herrings, lobsters, mackerel, mussels (7 tons), periwinkles (9 tons), plaice, salmon, shrimps (11 tons), skate (5 tons), smelts, soles, turbot, whelks, whitebait, and whiting. The fish seized compared with that delivered was in the proportion of 1 ton to every 211 tons. At Shadwell market, out of 1922 tons delivered, only 5 cwt. were seized.

## THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING OF LONDON.

How and why, for ten or twelve years past, this great metropolis, by far the biggest collection of human dwellings, with the hugest population, and with the most immense property and income of its aggregate inhabitants, that ever existed, has been outstripped by many cities of Europe and America, by foreign and colonial towns smaller than a London parish, in adopting one of the most useful and beautiful gifts of modern science for public and private use—all that is a topic of municipal history which need not here be discussed. London is soon to have the full benefit of the electric light, of which, in the principal streets of the City, on the Thames Embankment, and on the bridges, we were allowed only a twelvemonth's experimental enjoyment, at the cost of financial difficulties to the original companies; but some provisions of a recent Act of Parliament have removed the business obstacles to the electric lighting of London. Several great companies have been formed, with a capital of three millions sterling already invested in their different undertakings, which do not compete with each other, being divided, by legislative and administrative regulations, between separate metropolitan districts.

The "London Electric Supply Corporation," of which the directors are the Earl of Crawford, chairman, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., the Hon. Reginald Brougham, Lord Wantage, Mr. Francis Ince, Mr. Joseph Pike, and Mr. Arthur Wade, has its head office in Adelphi-terrace, and its great factory at Deptford; the last-mentioned establishment in charge of Mr. Ferranti, the chief engineer, who is author of some remarkable inventions and improvements in the machinery to produce the electric light, and in the means of distributing it where it is wanted.

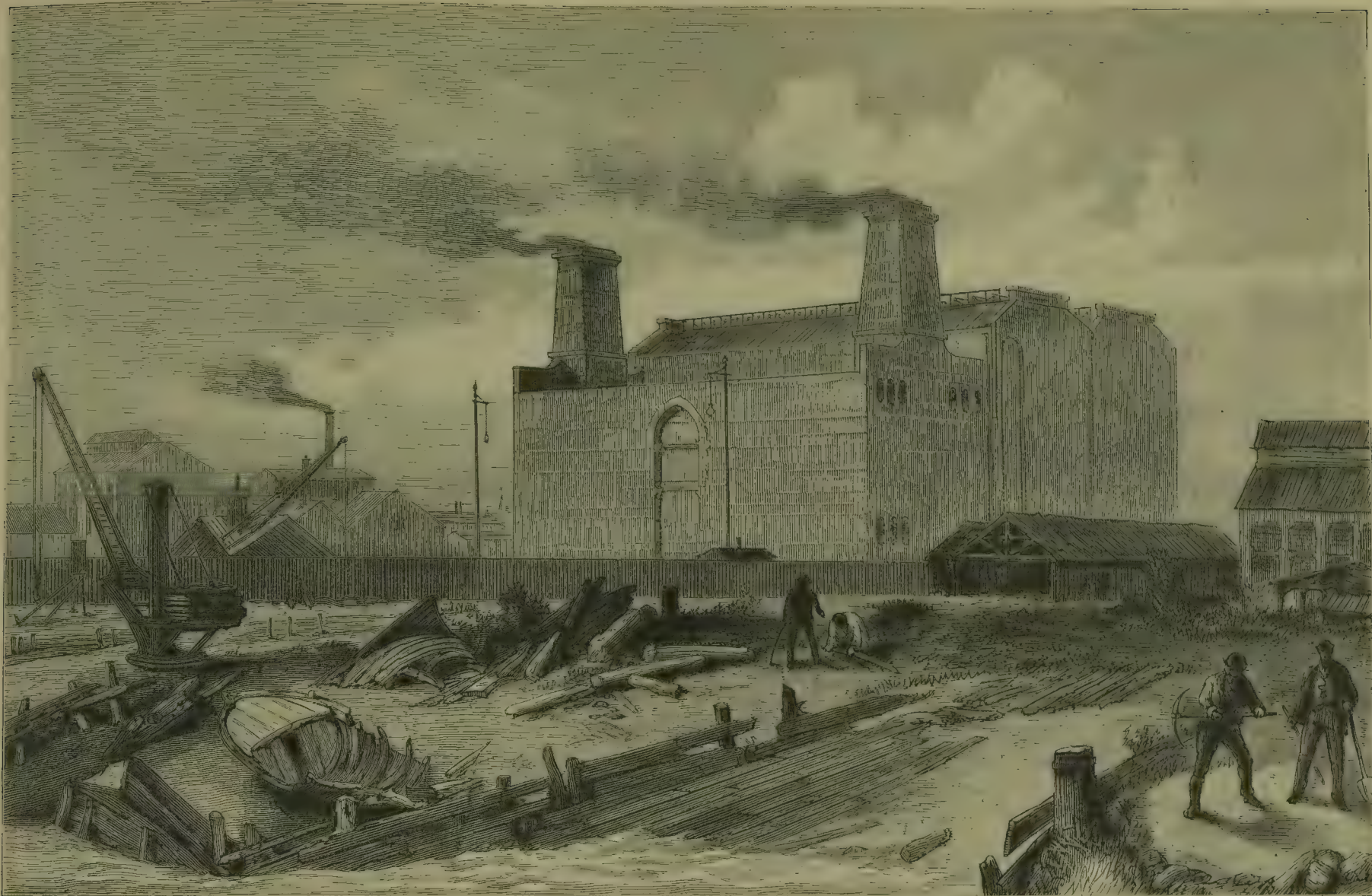
We may state, in rough outline, the extent of the metropolitan region over which this company is laying its mains—in other words, the districts apportioned to it by the Board of Trade. The part of St. Martin-in-the-Fields lying to the south of the Strand and west of St. Martin's-lane; the portion of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster, lying to the north of Victoria-street, excepting that portion of St. Margaret's lying to the west of St. George's, Hanover-square; St. James, Westminster; St. George, Hanover-square; Chelsea; the Greenwich district; St. Mary, Rotherhithe; St. Mary, Bermondsey; the district of St. Olave; the district of St. Saviour, Christchurch; and that portion of St. Mary, Lambeth, lying to the north of Westminster Bridge-road. It is believed that this large tract of London will in the course of half a dozen years, if not less, use up the two million lamp power of the Deptford works.

This Company began practically through Sir Coutts Lindsay undertaking, in November 1884, to light the Grosvenor Gallery with electricity. He received offers from neighbours to supply them with the light, and the work was made much larger than was originally intended. The demand kept on increasing till, in October 1887, it was found necessary to move: the promoters extended their Company and adopted the name of "The London."

The construction of the great works at Deptford, with their powerful machinery, was begun in April 1888. The Chairman of the Company says: "We have been at it night and day ever since. Now we have a very large engine-house erected, and have engines and dynamos at work of 3000-horse power. Two other dynamos and engines are in course of construction of 5000-horse power each. The boiler power we have put down is 14,000-horse power. We found, when we inquired as to the construction of these dynamos, that there were no tools big enough to deal with them, except a few in arsenals and private works. We tried Krupp in Germany and the Creuzot works in France, and neither of them would contract to deliver under three years. As it did not suit our purpose to wait so long, we put up machinery ourselves, and we shall be able to complete these dynamos in a year. They are of unprecedented size. The lathe required to turn the main shaft is of the same dimensions as that used for turning the 100-ton gun at Woolwich. The shafts are 36 in. in diameter, and in the rough weighed 70 tons. They were the largest castings of steel ever made in Scotland. The dynamos are 42 ft. in diameter at the armature. As to their lighting power, the dynamos working now at Deptford will supply 25,000 lights, and the two being constructed will rise to 100,000 each. These new ones are devised so that, as the demand arises, we can put another engine upon each dynamo of 5000-horse power, so that each will be up to 10,000-horse power, making them 200,000 lights each nominally. We are also manufacturing the mains ourselves, and four machines are turning them out in 20 ft. lengths. This is all that we require for 100,000 lights. The largest of our mains will be 2½ in. over all, and the smallest 1½ in. There is no cable, but a tube of copper, having a quarter of an inch of sectional area, through which the current is sent out. This has a cover of insulating material, and a second copper tube is compressed round that for the return current. Another thin layer of insulating material is used, and over all is placed an iron tube, also made tight for protection against pickaxes in the street. With this main we require no box or brickwork in the streets, as it is put naked into the earth. The outer tube is of wrought iron a quarter of an inch thick, and is sufficiently flexible to bend at right angles without breaking, while strong enough to resist any weight that may go over it without damage. There will be a joint for 'service' at each twenty feet, so that every house can have the light if required. A main on this principle is absolutely safe: a man can touch the naked copper with impunity, as it is already 'to earth.' There is the same protection against danger from the connecting wires. The primary current is sent up at a tension of 10,000 volts. That pressure has never been approached before in electrical work. We bring up our mains to distributing stations, where the tension is reduced from 10,000 volts to 2400 volts. Then it is sent through the streets underground, and at each house it is again reduced by means of transformers to a working pressure of 100 volts. By arrangement with the railway company the current is brought up from our generating station at Deptford along the South-Eastern line. We have running powers into Cannon-street Station, over Ludgate Railway Bridge, and over Charing-Cross Bridge. Two mains are laid alongside the line. The advantage of this is that we have got a private way, in addition to the right of way through the public streets under our order, which we intend in due course to make use of. We have also running powers over the District Underground for these mains. Eventually we shall have eight or ten stations to distribute the light from, and at present we have practically six, including the Grosvenor, from which the machinery will be removed later on. These distributing stations need not be larger than a good-sized room."

The "Metropolitan Electric Supply Company," with its six stations—in Sardinia-street, Rathbone-place, Whitehall, Manchester-square, Waterloo Wharf, and Greenmore Wharf—represents a capital of half a million. Its six stations will supply 300,000 lights. Here is the region of London which it is annexing: St. Giles-in-the-fields; St. George, Bloomsbury; St. Andrew, Holborn above Bars; St. George the Martyr, St.



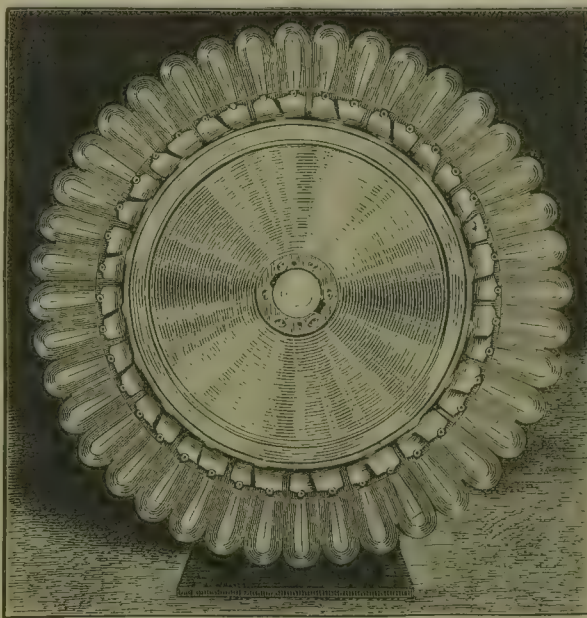


THE LONDON ELECTRIC SUPPLY CORPORATION'S WORKS AT DEPTFORD.

Sepulchre, Saffron-hill; Hatton-garden, Ely-rents and Ely-place; the Liberty of Glasshouse-yard; St. Anne, Soho; St. Paul, Covent-garden; St. John the Baptist; Savoy or precinct of Savoy; St. Mary-le-Strand; St. Clement Danes and the Liberty of the Rolls; together with the extra-parochial places known as the Charterhouse, Gray's Inn, Lincoln's Inn, and Farnival's Inn; St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, except that portion lying west of St. Martin's-lane and north of Trafalgar-square.

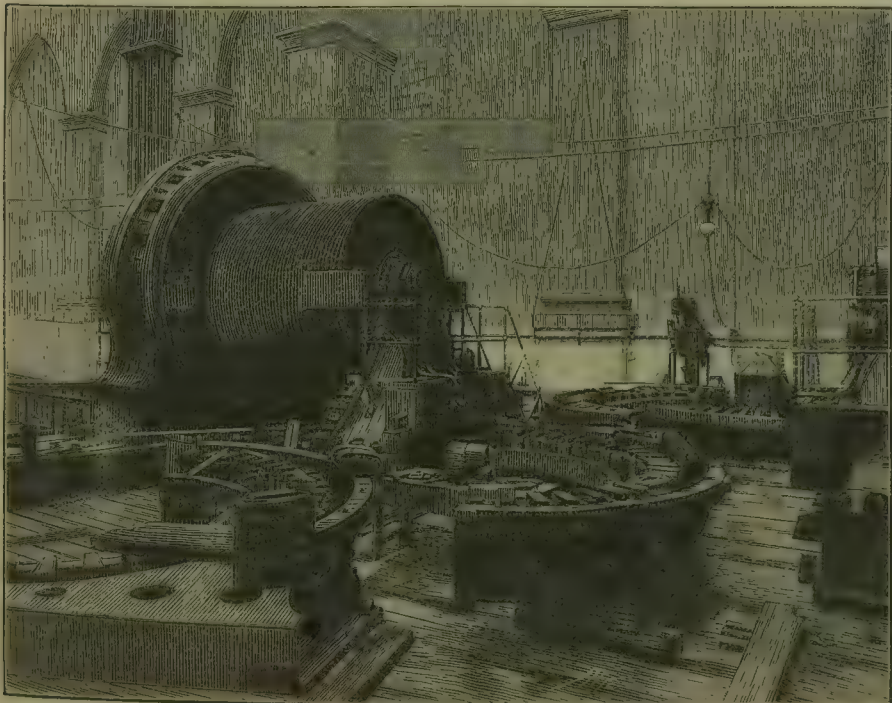
Next comes the "Chelsea Electrical Supply Company." The "Westminster Electric Supply Corporation" extends to St. George's, Hanover-square, and parts of St. Margaret's and John's, Westminster. The "St. James's Company" provides for the Pall-mall quarter. "The House to House Electric Supply Company" is annexing portions of Kensington; "The Notting Hill Electric Lighting Company," parts of Kensington as well as of Notting-hill; while the Pilsen Company supplies Holborn and a section of the Strand. Great as these enterprises are, they are only the beginning. The "Metropolitan," for instance, will go on building new stations as the supply of the old is taken up by householders and local authorities.

With regard to the cost and price of electric lighting, it is regulated by Act of Parliament. The "Board of Trade Unit" is the quantity of electricity consumed by a ten-candle power lamp in thirty hours. For this amount an electric company may charge eightpence—it must not charge more. The expression—soon to become quite common—"eightpence per Board of Trade Unit" means, therefore, one lamp of ten-candle power at about a farthing an hour. Or, again, one ten-candle power lamp for thirty hours means the same thing as thirty lamps, each of ten-

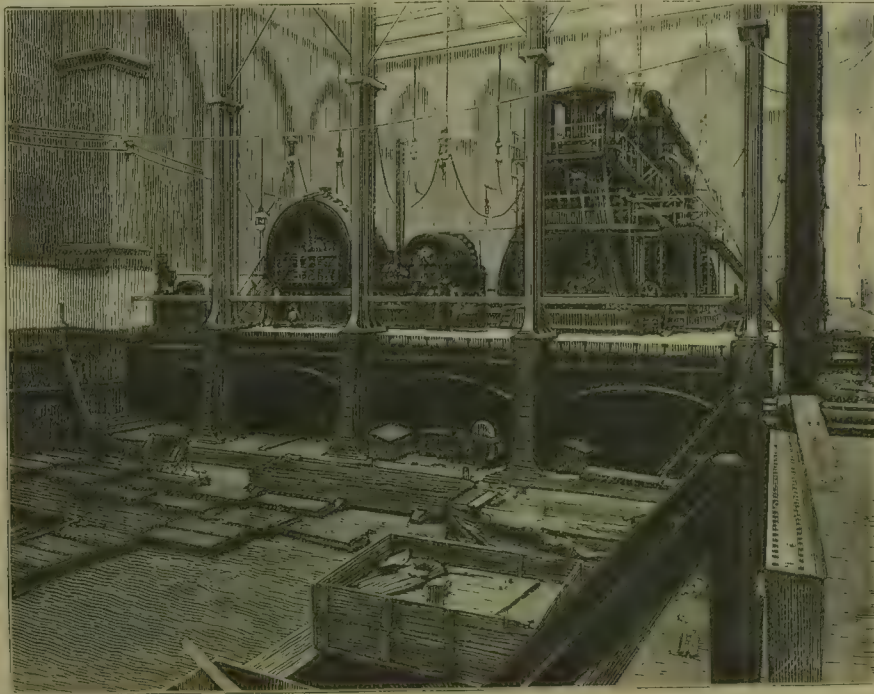


ARMATURE WHEEL OF FERRANTI DYNAMO, SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF COILS.

candle power, lighted, altogether, for one hour. The glow lamps should be distributed over one's house in the most advantageous positions, and they should be "switched" off when not required. People keep their gas burning all over their dwellings because they cannot be "bothered" to turn it off and on; and the trouble of lighting and extinguishing gas is considerable even in houses and business places of moderate size. It is not counted in the nominal cost of gas, but all the same it is part of the real price. The only labour required to turn on your electric light when you want it, and off when you do not, is to turn round a little brass knob. When in use, there can be no doubt that, lighting power for lighting power, electricity is as cheap as gas. It is generally supposed that the expense of installing electric light is very great; but, as a matter of fact, in new houses it is less expensive to fit than gas, and in old houses so much can be converted (meaning gas fittings) that an installation ought to be done in the very best style at from thirty-five shillings to two pounds per light. The cost of the current which is supplied by the various companies has been fixed by the Board of Trade at eightpence per unit; but the current is to be obtained at a very much less cost than this—especially in large installations, for which it can be obtained as low as from sixpence-halfpenny to sevenpence per unit. There is no doubt that the saving of labour in cleaning gas chandeliers, of damage caused by the fumes of gas to furniture, pictures, and the decorations of rooms, and of injury to health from inhaling the fumes of gas, must recommend the electric light for private use. For street lighting, and for theatres, churches, and all large buildings, its advantages are beyond all dispute.



A FERRANTI DYNAMO.



ENGINES AND DYNAMOS.



## BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER XL.

DIRE NECESSITY.



THE Irish lord had a word to say to his wife, before he submitted to her the letter which he had just written. He had been summoned to a meeting of proprietors at the office of the newspaper, convened to settle the terms of a new subscription rendered necessary by unforeseen expenses incurred in the interests of the speculation. The vote that followed, after careful preliminary consultation, authorised

a claim on the purses of subscribing proprietors, which sadly reduced the sum obtained by Lord Harry's promissory note. Nor was this inconvenience the only trial of endurance to which the Irish lord was compelled to submit. The hope which he had entertained of assistance from the profits of the new journal, when repayment of the loan that he had raised became due, was now plainly revealed as a delusion. Ruin stared him in the face, unless he could command the means of waiting for the pecuniary success of the newspaper, during an interval variously estimated at six months, or even at a year to come.

"Our case is desperate enough," he said, "to call for a desperate remedy. Keep up your spirits, Iris—I have written to my brother."

Iris looked at him in dismay.

"Surely," she said, "you once told me you had written to your brother, and he answered you in the cruellest manner through his lawyers?"

"Quite true, my dear. But, this time, there is one circumstance in our favour—my brother is going to be married. The lady is said to be an heiress; a charming creature, admired and beloved wherever she goes. There must surely be something to soften the hardest heart in that happy prospect. Read what I have written, and tell me what you think of it."

The opinion of the devoted wife encouraged the desperate husband: the letter was dispatched by the post of that day.

If boisterous good spirits can make a man agreeable at the dinner-table, then indeed Mr. Vimpany, on his return to the cottage, played the part of a welcome guest. He was inextinguishable in gallant attentions to his friend's wife; he told his most amusing stories in his happiest way; he gaily drank his host's fine white Burgundy, and praised with thorough knowledge of the subject the succulent French dishes; he tried Lord Harry with talk on politics, talk on sport, and (wonderful to relate in these days) talk on literature. The preoccupied Irishman was equally inaccessible on all three subjects. When the dessert was placed on the table—still bent on making himself agreeable to Lady Harry—Mr. Vimpany led the conversation to the subject of floriculture. In the interests of her ladyship's pretty little garden, he advocated a complete change in the system of cultivation, and justified his revolutionary views by misquoting the published work of a great authority on gardening with such polite obstinacy that Iris (eager to confute him) went away to fetch the book. The moment he had entrapped her into leaving the room, the doctor turned to Lord Harry with a sudden change to the imperative mood in look and manner.

"What have you been about," he asked, "since we had that talk in the Gardens to-day? Have you looked at your empty purse, and are you wise enough to take my way of filling it?"

"As long as there's the ghost of a chance left to me," Lord Harry replied, "I'll take any way of filling my purse but yours."

"Does that mean you have found a way?"

"Do me a favour, Vimpany. Defer all questions till the end of the week."

"And then I shall have your answer?"

"Without fail, I promise it. Hush!"

Iris returned to the dining-room with her book; and polite Mr. Vimpany owned in the readiest manner that he had been mistaken.

The remaining days of the week followed each other wearily. During the interval, Lord Harry's friend carefully preserved the character of a model guest—he gave as little trouble as possible. Every morning after breakfast the doctor went away by the train. Every morning (with similar regularity) he was followed by the resolute Fanny Mere. Pursuing his way through widely different quarters of Paris, he invariably stopped at a public building, invariably presented a letter at the door, and was invariably asked to walk in. Inquiries, patiently persisted in by the English maid, led in each case to the same result. The different public buildings were devoted to the same benevolent purpose. Like the Hôtel Dieu, they were all hospitals; and Mr. Vimpany's object in visiting them remained as profound a mystery as ever.

Early on the last morning of the week the answer from Lord Harry's brother arrived. Hearing of it, Iris ran eagerly into her husband's room. The letter was already scattered in fragments on the floor. What the tone of the Earl's inhuman answer had been in the past time, that it was again now.

Iris put her arms round her husband's neck. "Oh, my poor love, what is to be done?"

He answered in one reckless word: "Nothing!"

"Is there nobody else who can help us?" she asked.

"Ah, well, darling, there's perhaps one other person still left."

"Who is the person?"

"Who should it be but your own dear self?"

She looked at him in undisguised bewilderment: "Only tell me, Harry, what I can do?"

"Write to Mountjoy, and ask him to lend me the money."

He said it. In those shameless words, he said it. She, who had sacrificed Mountjoy to the man whom she had married, was now asked by that man to use Mountjoy's devotion to her, as a means of paying his debts! Iris drew back from him with a cry of disgust.

"You refuse?" he said.

"Do you insult me by doubting it?" she answered.

He rang the bell furiously, and dashed out of the room. She heard him, on the stairs, ask where Mr. Vimpany was. The servant replied: "In the garden, my lord."

Smoking a cigar luxuriously in the fine morning air, the doctor saw his excitable Irish friend hastening out to meet him.

"Don't hurry," he said, in full possession of his impudent good-humour; "and don't lose your temper. Will you take my way out of your difficulties, or will you not? Which is it—Yes or No?"

"You infernal scoundrel—Yes!"

"My dear lord, I congratulate you."

"On what, sir?"

"On being as great a scoundrel as I am."

## CHAPTER XLI.

THE MAN IS FOUND.

The unworthy scheme, by means of which Lord Harry had proposed to extricate himself from his pecuniary responsibilities, had led to serious consequences. It had produced a state of deliberate estrangement between man and wife.

Iris secluded herself in her own room. Her husband passed the hours of every day away from the cottage; sometimes in the company of the doctor, sometimes among his friends in Paris. His wife suffered acutely under the self-imposed state of separation, to which wounded pride and keenly felt resentment compelled her to submit. No friend was near her, in whose compassionate advice she might have taken refuge. Not even the sympathy of her maid was offered to the lonely wife.

With the welfare of Iris as her one end in view, Fanny Mere honestly believed that it would be better and safer for Lady Harry if she and her husband finally decided on living separate lives. The longer my lord persisted in keeping the doctor with him as his guest, the more perilously he was associated with a merciless wretch, who would be capable of plotting the ruin of anyone—man or woman, high person or low person—who might happen to be an obstacle in his way. So far as a person in her situation could venture on taking the liberty, the maid did her best to widen the breach between her master and her mistress.

While Fanny was making the attempt to influence Lady Harry, and only producing irritation as the result, Vimpany was exerting stronger powers of persuasion in the effort to prejudice the Irish lord against any proposal for reconciliation which might reach him through his wife.

"I find an unforgiving temper in your charming lady," the doctor declared. "It doesn't show itself on the surface, my dear fellow, but there it is. Take a wise advantage of circumstances—say you will raise no inconvenient objections, if she wants a separation by mutual consent. Now don't misunderstand me. I only recommend the sort of separation which will suit our convenience. You know as well as I do that you can whistle your wife back again—"

Mr. Vimpany's friend was rude enough to interrupt him there.

"I call that a coarse way of putting it," Lord Harry interposed.

"Put it how you like for yourself," the doctor rejoined. "Lady Harry may be persuaded to come back to you, when we want her for our grand project. In the meantime (for I am always a considerate man where women are concerned) we act delicately towards my lady, in sparing her the discovery of—what shall I call our coming enterprise?—venturesome villany, which might ruin you in your wife's estimation. Do you see our situation now, as it really is? Very well. Pass the bottle, and drop the subject for the present."

The next morning brought with it an event, which demolished the doctor's ingenious arrangement for the dismissal of Iris from the scene of action. Lord and Lady Harry encountered each other accidentally on the stairs.

Distrusting herself if she ventured to look at him, Iris turned her eyes away from her husband. He misinterpreted the action as an expression of contempt. Anger at once inclined him to follow Mr. Vimpany's advice.

He opened the door of the dining-room, empty at that moment, and told Iris that he wished to speak with her. What his villainous friend had suggested that he should say, on the subject of a separation, he now repeated with a repellent firmness which he was far from really feeling. The acting was bad, but the effect was produced. For the first time, his wife spoke to him.

"Do you really mean it?" she asked.

The tone in which she said those words, sadly and regretfully telling its tale of uncontrollable surprise; the tender remembrance of past happy days in her eyes; the quivering pain, expressive of wounded love, that parted her lips in the effort to breathe freely, touched his heart, try as he might in the wretched pride of the moment to conceal it. He was silent.

"If you are weary of our married life," she continued, "say so, and let us part. I will go away, without entreaties and without reproaches. Whatever pain I may feel, you shall not see it!" A passing flush crossed her face, and left it pale again. She trembled under the consciousness of returning love—the blind love that had so cruelly misled her! At a moment when she most needed firmness, her heart was sinking; she resisted, struggled, recovered herself. Quietly, and even firmly, she claimed his decision. "Does your silence mean," she asked, "that you wish me to leave you?"

No man who had loved her as tenderly as her husband had loved her, could have resisted that touching self-control. He answered his wife without uttering a word—he held out his arms to her. The fatal reconciliation was accomplished in silence.

At dinner on that day Mr. Vimpany's bold eyes saw a new sight, and Mr. Vimpany's rascally lips indulged in an impudent smile. My lady appeared again in her place at the

dinner-table. At the customary time, the two men were left alone over their wine. The reckless Irish lord, rejoicing in the recovery of his wife's tender regard, drank freely. Understanding and despising him, the doctor's devilish gaiety indulged in factious reminiscences of his own married life.

"If I could claim a sovereign," he said, "for every quarrel between Mrs. Vimpany and myself, I put it at a low average when I declare that I should be worth a thousand pounds. How does your lordship stand in that matter? Shall we say a dozen breaches of the marriage agreement up to the present time?"

"Say two—and no more to come!" his friend answered cheerfully.

"No more to come!" the doctor repeated. "My experience says plenty more to come; I never saw two people less likely to submit to a peaceable married life than you and my lady. Ha! you laugh at that? It's a habit of mine to back my opinion. I'll bet you a dozen of champagne there will be a quarrel which parts you two, for good and all, before the year is out. Do you take the bet?"

"Done!" cried Lord Harry. "I propose my wife's good health, Vimpany, in a bumper. She shall drink confusion to all false prophets in the first glass of your champagne!"

The post of the next morning brought with it two letters.

One of them bore the postmark of London, and was addressed to Lady Harry Norland. It was written by Mrs. Vimpany, and it contained a few lines added by Hugh Mountjoy. "My strength is slow in returning to me" (he wrote); "but my kind and devoted nurse says that all danger of infection is at an end. You may write again to your old friend if Lord Harry sees no objection, as harmlessly as in the happy past time. My weak hand begins to tremble already. How glad I shall be to hear from you, it is, happily for me, quite needless to add."

In her delight at receiving this good news Iris impulsively assumed that her husband would give it a kindly welcome on his side; she insisted on reading the letter to him. He said coldly, "I am glad to hear of Mr. Mountjoy's recovery"—and took up the newspaper. Was this unworthy jealousy still strong enough to master him, even at that moment? His wife had forgotten it. Why had he not forgotten it too?

On the same day Iris replied to Hugh, with the confidence and affection of the bygone time before her marriage. After closing and addressing the envelope, she found that her small store of postage stamps was exhausted, and sent for her maid. Mr. Vimpany happened to pass the open door of her room, while she was asking for a stamp; he heard Fanny say that she was not able to accommodate her mistress. "Allow me to make myself useful," the polite doctor suggested. He produced a stamp, and fixed it himself on the envelope. When he had proceeded on his way downstairs, Fanny's distrust of him insisted on expressing itself. "He wanted to find out what person you have written to," she said. "Let me make your letter safe in the post." In five minutes more it was in the box at the office.

While these trifling events were in course of progress, Mr. Vimpany had gone into the garden to read the second of the two letters, delivered that morning, addressed to himself. On her return from the post-office, Fanny had opportunities of observing him while she was in the greenhouse, trying to revive the perishing flowers—neglected in the past days of domestic trouble.

Noticing her, after he had read his letter over for the second time, Mr. Vimpany sent the maid into the cottage to say that he wished to speak with her master. Lord Harry joined him in the garden—looked at the letter—and, handing it back, turned away. The doctor followed him, and said something which seemed to be received with objection. Mr. Vimpany persisted nevertheless, and apparently carried his point. The two gentlemen consulted the railway time-table, and hurried away together, to catch the train to Paris.

Fanny Mere returned to the conservatory, and absently resumed her employment among the flowers. On what evil errand had the doctor left the cottage? And, why, on this occasion, had he taken the master with him?

The time had been when Fanny might have tried to set these questions at rest by boldly following the two gentlemen to Paris; trusting to her veil, to her luck, and to the choice of a separate carriage in the train, to escape notice. But, although her ill-judged interference with the domestic affairs of Lady Harry had been forgiven, she had not been received again into favour unreservedly. Conditions were imposed, which forbade her to express any opinion on her master's conduct, and which imperatively ordered her to leave the protection of her mistress—if protection was really needed—in his lordship's competent hands. "I gratefully appreciate your kind intentions," Iris had said, with her customary tenderness of regard for the feelings of others; "but I never wish to hear again of Mr. Vimpany, or of the strange suspicions which he seems to excite in your mind." Still as gratefully devoted to Iris as ever, Fanny viewed the change in my lady's way of thinking as one of the deplorable results of her return to her husband, and waited resignedly for the coming time when her wise distrust of two unscrupulous men would be justified.

Condemned to inaction for the present, Lady Harry's maid walked irritably up and down the conservatory, forgetting the flowers. Through the open back door of the cottage the cheap clock in the hall poured its harsh little volume of sound, striking the hour. "I wonder," she said to herself, "if those two wicked ones have found their way to a hospital yet?" That guess happened to have hit the mark. The two wicked ones were really approaching a hospital, well known to the doctor by more previous visits than one. At the door they were met by a French physician, attached to the institution—the writer of the letter which had reached Mr. Vimpany in the morning.

This gentleman led the way to the official department of the hospital, and introduced the two foreigners to the French authorities assembled for the transaction of business.

As a medical man, Mr. Vimpany's claims to general respect and confidence were carefully presented. He was a member of the English College of Surgeons; he was the friend, as well as the colleague, of the famous President of that College, who had introduced him to the chief surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu. Other introductions to illustrious medical persons in Paris had naturally followed. Presented under these advantages, Mr. Vimpany announced his discovery of a new system of treatment in diseases of the lungs. Having received his medical education in Paris, he had felt bound in gratitude to place himself under the protection of "the princes of science," resident in the brilliant capital of France. In that hospital, after much fruitless investigation in similar institutions, he had found a patient suffering from the form of lung disease, which offered to him the opportunity that he wanted. It was impossible that he could do justice to his new system, unless the circumstances were especially favourable. Air more pure than the air of a great city, and bed-room accommodation not shared by other sick persons, were among the conditions absolutely necessary to the success of the experiment. These, and other advantages, were freely offered to him by his noble friend, who would enter into any explanations which the authorities then present might think it necessary to demand.





*Some of the gentlemen assembled at the bedside observed a certain accidental likeness between the patient and Lord Harry.*

The explanations having been offered and approved, there was a general move to the bed occupied by the invalid who was an object of professional interest to the English doctor.

The patient's name was Oxbye. He was a native of Denmark, and had followed in his own country the vocation of a schoolmaster. His knowledge of the English language and the French had offered him the opportunity of migrating to Paris, where he had obtained employment as translator and copyist. Earning his bread, poorly enough in this way, he had been prostrated by the malady which had obliged him to take refuge in the hospital. The French physician, under whose medical care he had been placed, having announced that he had communicated his notes enclosed in a letter to

his English colleague, and having frankly acknowledged that the result of the treatment had not as yet sufficiently justified expectation, the officers of the institution spoke next. The Dane was informed of the nature of Mr. Vimpany's interest in him, and of the hospitable assistance offered by Mr. Vimpany's benevolent friend; and the question was then put, whether he preferred to remain where he was, or whether he desired to be removed under the conditions which had been just stated?

Tempted by the prospect of a change, which offered to him a bed-chamber of his own in the house of a person of distinction—with a garden to walk about in, and flowers to gladden his eyes, when he got better—Oxbye eagerly adopted the alternative of leaving the hospital. "Pray let me go," the

poor fellow said; "I am sure I shall be the better for it." Without opposing this decision, the responsible directors reminded him that it had been adopted on impulse, and decided that it was their duty to give him a little time for consideration.

In the meanwhile, some of the gentlemen assembled at the bedside, looking at Oxbye and then looking at Lord Harry, had observed a certain accidental likeness between the patient and "Milord, the philanthropist" who was willing to receive him. The restraints of politeness had only permitted them to speak of this curious discovery among themselves. At the later time, however, when the gentlemen had taken leave of each other, Mr. Vimpany—finding himself alone with Lord



Harry—had no hesitation in introducing the subject, on which delicacy had prevented the Frenchmen from entering.

"Did you look at the Dane?" he began, abruptly.

"Of course I did!"

"And you noticed the likeness?"

"Not I!"

The doctor's uproarious laughter startled the people who were walking near them in the street. "Here's another proof," he burst out, "of the true saying that no man knows himself. You don't deny the likeness, I suppose?"

"Do you yourself see it?" Lord Harry asked.

Mr. Vimpany answered that question scornfully: "Is it likely that I should have submitted to all the trouble I have taken to get possession of that man, if I had not seen a likeness between his face and yours?"

The Irish lord said no more. When his friend asked why he was silent, he gave his reason sharply enough: "I don't like the subject."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE NETTLESOME MAID.

On the evening of that day Fanny Mere, entering the dining-room with the coffee, found Lord Harry and Mr. Vimpany alone, and discovered (as soon as she opened the door) that they changed the language in which they were talking from English to French.

She continued to linger in the room, apparently occupied in setting the various objects on the sideboard in order. Her master was speaking at the time; he asked if the doctor had succeeded in finding a bed-room for himself in the neighbourhood. To this Mr. Vimpany replied that he had got the bed-room. Also, that he had provided himself with something else, which it was equally important to have at his disposal. "I mean," he proceeded, in his bad French, "that I have found a photographic apparatus on hire. We are ready now for the appearance of our interesting Danish guest."

"And when the man comes," Lord Harry added, "what am I to say to my wife? How am I to find an excuse, when she hears of a hospital patient who has taken possession of your bed-room at the cottage—and has done it with my permission, and with you to attend on him?"

The doctor sipped his coffee. "We have told a story that has satisfied the authorities," he said coolly. "Repeat the story to your wife."

"She won't believe it," Lord Harry replied.

Mr. Vimpany waited until he had lit another cigar, and had quite satisfied himself that it was worth smoking.

"You have yourself to thank for that obstacle," he resumed. "If you had taken my advice, your wife would have been out of our way by this time. I suppose I must manage it. If you fail, leave her ladyship to me. In the meanwhile, there's a matter of more importance to settle first. We shall want a nurse for our poor dear invalid. Where are we to find her?"

As he stated that difficulty, he finished his coffee, and looked about him for the bottle of brandy which always stood on the dinner-table. In doing this, he happened to notice Fanny. Convinced that her mistress was in danger, after what she had already heard, the maid's anxiety and alarm had so completely absorbed her that she had forgotten to play her part. Instead of still busying herself at the sideboard, she stood with her back to it, palpably listening. Cunning Mr. Vimpany, possessing himself of the brandy, made a request too entirely appropriate to excite suspicion.

"Some fresh cold water, if you please," was all that he said.

The moment Fanny left the room, the doctor addressed his friend in English, with his eye on the door: "News for you, my boy! We are in a pretty pickle—Lady Harry's maid understands French."

"Quite impossible!" Lord Harry declared.

"We will put that to the test," Mr. Vimpany answered.

"Watch her when she comes in again."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to insult her in French. Observe the result."

In another minute Fanny returned with the fresh water. As she placed the glass jug before Mr. Vimpany he suddenly laid his hand on her arm and looked her straight in the face. "Vous nous avez mis dedans, drôlesse!" he said. "Vous entendez le Français." \*

An uncontrollable look of mingled rage and fear made its plain confession in Fanny's face. She had been discovered; she had heard herself called "drôlesse"; she stood before the two men self-condemned. Her angry master threatened her with instant dismissal from the house. The doctor interfered.

"No, no," he said; "you mustn't deprive Lady Harry, at a moment's notice, of her maid. Such a clever maid, too," he added with his rascally smile. "An accomplished person, who understands French, and is too modest to own it!"

The doctor had led Fanny through many a weary and unrewarded walk when she had followed him to the hospitals; he had now inflicted a deliberate insult by calling her "drôlesse"; and he had completed the sum of his offences by talking contemptuously of her modesty and her mastery of the French language. The woman's detestation of him, which under ordinary circumstances she might have attempted to conceal, was urged into audaciously asserting itself by the strong excitement that now possessed her. Driven to bay, Fanny had made up her mind to discover the conspiracy of which Mr. Vimpany was the animating spirit, by a method daring enough to be worthy of the doctor himself.

"My knowledge of French has told me something," she said. "I have just heard, Mr. Vimpany, that you want a nurse for your invalid gentleman. With my lord's permission, suppose you try me?"

Fanny's audacity was more than her master's patience could endure. He ordered her to leave the room.

The peace-making doctor interfered again: "My dear lord, let me beg you will not be too hard on the young woman." He turned to Fanny, with an effort to look indulgent, which ended in the reappearance of his rascally smile. "Thank you, my dear, for your proposal," he said; "I will let you know if we accept it, to-morrow."

Fanny's unforgiving master pointed to the door; she thanked Mr. Vimpany, and went out. Lord Harry eyed his friend in angry amazement. "Are you mad?" he asked.

"Tell me something first," the doctor rejoined. "Is there any English blood in your family?"

Lord Harry answered with a burst of patriotic feeling: "I regret to say my family is adulterated in that manner. My grandmother was an Englishwoman."

Mr. Vimpany received this extract from the page of family history with a coolness all his own.

"It's a relief to hear that," he said. "You may be capable (by the grandmother's side) of swallowing a dose of sound English sense. I can but try, at any rate. That woman is too bold and too clever to be treated like an ordinary servant—I incline to believe that she is a spy in the employment of your wife. Whether I am right or wrong in this latter case, the one

way I can see of paring the cat's claws is to turn her into a nurse. Do you find me mad now?"

"Madder than ever!"

"Ah, you don't take after your grandmother! Now listen to me. Do we run the smallest risk, if Fanny finds it her interest to betray us? Suppose we ask ourselves what she has really found out. She knows we have got a sick man from a hospital coming here—does she know what we want him for? Not she! Neither you nor I said a word on that subject. But she also heard us agree that your wife was in our way. What does that matter? Did she hear us say what it is that we don't want your wife to discover? Not she, I tell you again! Very well, then—if Fanny acts as Oxbye's nurse, sly as the young woman may be, she innocently associates herself with the end that we have to gain by the Danish gentleman's death! Oh, you needn't look alarmed! I mean his natural death by lung-disease—no crime, my noble friend! no crime!"

The Irish lord, sitting near the doctor, drew his chair back in a hurry.

"If there's English blood in my family," he declared, "I'll tell you what, Vimpany, there's devil's blood in yours!"

"Anything you like but Irish blood," the cool scoundrel rejoined.

As he made that insolent reply, Fanny came in again, with a sufficient excuse for her reappearance. She announced that a person from the hospital wished to speak to the English doctor.

The messenger proved to be a young man employed in the secretary's office. Oxbye still persisting in his desire to be placed under Mr. Vimpany's care, one last responsibility rested on the official gentlemen now in charge of him. They could implicitly trust the medical assistance and the gracious hospitality offered to the poor Danish patient; but, before he left them, they must also be satisfied that he would be attended by a competent nurse. If the person whom Mr. Vimpany proposed to employ in this capacity could be brought to the hospital, it would be esteemed a favour; and, if her account of herself satisfied the physician in charge of Oxbye's case, the Dane might be removed to his new quarters on the same day.

The next morning witnessed the first in a series of domestic incidents at the cottage which no prophetic ingenuity could have foreseen. Mr. Vimpany and Fanny Mere actually left Passy together, on their way to Paris!

(To be continued.)

The memorial stone of a new grammar school at Bedford was laid on Oct. 17 by Mr. Whitbread, M.P. The large number of boys, at present 810, in the grammar school, with the prospect of more, has made it necessary to abandon the existing site on the banks of the Ouse in favour of one in the play-field near the new park. The new school will accommodate 1,000 boys, and the cost is limited to £26,000. Mr. E. C. Robins is the architect. The town was decorated, and a procession of the corporation, the masters, and engineer corps and cadets of the school, the governing body and public officials walked from the old school to the new site. After the ceremony, the Mayor (Mr. Joshua Hawkins) entertained the corps and governing body to a banquet, when addresses were given by the mayor, the headmaster (Mr. J. S. Philpotts), Lord Lingen, Mr. Whitbread (chairman of the governing body), and Mr. Magniac.

Lord Brassey gave a lecture at the Chester Grosvenor Museum on Oct. 18 on "Our Colonial Empire" to a distinguished audience, including Princess Mary Adelaide. The Duke of Westminster presided, and introduced Lord Brassey, whose lecture was devoted to showing the advantage of Federation, and that the connection with the mother country was desired by Colonial statesmen. The offers of assistance from Canada, the co-operation on the Nile, the considerable help from South Australia in a period of difficulty in South Africa, the contingent sent from Sydney to the Sudan, the services of the native troops of India in the field in Egypt—all these were incidents which had shown to the world the wide resources at our command. As yet the Colonies had not looked beyond their local self-defence, but hereafter they would do more. Australasia would be the commanding power in the Pacific and the South Seas, and in the defence of India. Votes of thanks were passed to the lecturer and the chairman.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN NOVEMBER.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near Saturn on the mornings of the 16th and 17th, being to his right on the 16th, and to his left on the 17th; the planet being south of the Moon on both mornings. She is near Mars on the morning of the 19th, the planet being to the right and south of the Moon; she is near Venus on the morning of the 21st; near Mercury on the morning of the 22nd; and near Jupiter in the early evening hours of the 25th. Her phases or times of changes are:—

Full Moon on the	7th at 5 minutes after 4h in the afternoon.
Last Quarter	" 15th " 36 " 8 " afternoon.
New Moon	" 23rd " 44 " 1 " morning.
First Quarter	" 29th " 29 " 5 " afternoon.

She is most distant from the Earth on the afternoon of the 12th, and nearest to it on the afternoon of the 24th.

Mercury is a morning star, rising on the 3rd at 5h 9m a.m., or 1h 50m before the Sun; on the 8th at 5h 28m a.m., or 1h 39m before sunrise; on the 13th at 5h 53m a.m., or 1h 23m before sunrise; on the 18th at 6h 20m a.m., or 1h 5m before the Sun; on the 23rd at 6h 47m a.m., or 46 minutes before sunrise; and on the 28th at 7h 14m a.m., or 26 minutes before sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 22nd, and in descending node on the 27th.

Venus is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 4h 18m a.m.; on the 8th at 4h 44m a.m., or 2h 23m before sunrise; on the 18th at 5h 16m a.m., or 2h 9m before sunrise; and on the 28th at 5h 48m a.m., or 1h 52m before sunrise. She is near the Moon on the 21st.

Mars is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2h 36m a.m., on the 7th at 2h 32m a.m., on the 17th at 2h 27m a.m., and on the 27th at 2h 22m a.m. He is in aphelion on the 12th, and near the Moon on the 19th.

Jupiter is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 7h 34m p.m., on the 7th at 7h 13m p.m., on the 17th at 6h 42m p.m., and on the 27th at 6h 12m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 25th.

Saturn rises on the 1st at 0h 32m a.m., on the 8th at 0h 5m a.m., on the 17th at 1h 29m p.m., on the 27th at 10h 52m p.m., and on the 30th at 10h 40m p.m. He souths on the 8th, at about the same time as the Sun rises; on the 15th he souths at 6h 44m a.m., and on the last day at 5h 45m a.m. He is near the Moon on the 16th, and in quadrature with the Sun on the 25th.

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IN THE SHADOW OF ST. GILES.

Night in Edinburgh! The traveller may have seen the sun set over the lagoons of Venice; he may have watched the moon rise behind the acropolis of Athens; but he has seen nothing finer or more inspiring than is shown him by the sparkle of the frosty stars in this grey metropolis of Scotland. From the terrace pavement of Princes-street, that unmatched boulevard of the modern city, and looking across the dark chasm where once surged the waters of the North Loch, he sees the form of the Old Town rise, from Holyrood Palace low in the eastern meadows to the castled rock high at the western end, a dark mass all against the southern sky. Yellow lines of light mark the modern bridges spanning the abyss below, and windows still glowing—dim loopholes in the perilously high old houses beyond—bespeak the inhabitants there not yet all asleep. But these are forgotten in the witchery of the sight, when the clouds part, and the silvery starlight is shaken down upon the ancient city; when behind the broken sky-line of roofs and gables the clear moon comes up, and hangs, a lustrous jewel, among the pinnacles of St. Giles.

Nor is it only the magic of the sight that stirs strange pulses in the blood. Standing at night in the Roman Coliseum it seems still possible to hear majestic echoes of an older world. But the Scotsman under the shadow of "high Dunedin" is moved, as nowhere else, by memories of old glory and old sorrow. Here to a Scottish heart the past comes back. Here sighed the fatal sweetness of Rizzio's lute. Here rang the wild clan-music of Montrose. Among these old walls, however, something more is to be remembered than the deeds of high fame. Ever and again, it is true, amid the gloom of half-forgotten centuries, there is caught the glitter of some historic pageant. Out of the silence about the cathedral one seems to catch the chime of fuming censers, and the roll of coronation litanies, with, perchance, the sonorous accents of a Gavin Douglas, poet-bishop of Dunkeld; and one thrills again to hear the boom of the Castle cannon as the Fourth James rides gallantly away to his death. But behind all this a more tender interest touches the heart. What of the real inner life of those centuries bygone—the loves and sorrows, burning once, and poignant as ours are to-day, which have passed out of sight among the years, and been forgotten? Of some of these, indeed, Sir Walter Scott has written the story on the dark curtain of the past with a pen of fire. But for countless others there is not even the poor consolation of a recorded name. Occasionally, however, amid the seething of history, or in some half-remembered old song, a name comes up, and a glimpse all too brief is had into some tender and mournful story. And so one sees that behind the glitter of a Stuart chivalry, of brave and splendid deeds before the world, sometimes there lay a shadow, the sigh of a breaking heart, the stain of unavailing tears.

Who knows the early story of that Lady of Loch Leven, mother of the Regent Murray? Grimly enough she is painted by Scott in her old age as the keeper of Queen Mary. Yet assuredly once she was lovely and young, and had strange beatings of heart as she listened to the whispers of her Royal lover, that all too gallant James V. What was their parting like, when the parting came? Was there the last touch of regretful hands, a remorseful caress from the Royal lips, a passionate farewell? Or was there only the cruel news by alien mouths that her place was filled by another, that she had been forsaken? No one can tell us now.

Then what of the Lady Anne Campbell of Argyle, at one time betrothed to Charles II.? The youthful Prince, aged twenty, had been crowned gorgeously, after the ancient manner of the Scottish Kings, at Scone. But King only in name, with England still under the iron rule of Cromwell, and only a faction in Scotland devoted to his cause, his immediate fortunes were entirely in the hands of the Scottish leader, the crafty, Covenanting Marquis of Argyle. Reaching ever higher in ambition, and dazzled by the weird vision of the race of MacCallum More mounting the Royal throne, Argyle proposed that Charles should marry his daughter. Needy and reckless, and eager to attach Argyle to the Royalist cause by the golden bands of hope, the King pretended consent. Alas for the Lady Anne! What maiden could keep still her heart when wooed by so royal a lover? For wooing there must have been, to keep up the pretence of betrothal, and how was the maiden to know that those words and looks, and, it may have been, those warmer caresses, were all no more than a diplomacy? And when the crash came, with Cromwell's defeat of the Covenanting army at Dunbar, and the revelation that she had given up her all and had been deceived—how bitter, how cruel the discovery! The contemporary Kirkton relates circumstantially that "so grievous was the disappointment to the young lady, that of a gallant young gentlewoman, she lost her spirit, and turned absolutely distracted."

Then there is a pitiful little song, unprinted and all but forgotten, sung to a quavering, pathetic old tune, and relating in quaint ballad fashion something of the story of one Jeanie Morison, an adherent of Prince Charles Edward in the Rebellion of 1745. It narrates how the maiden, having fallen sick, not without a suspicion of its being heart-sickness, and all cures of the leeches failing, was prescribed "ae bricht blink o' the Young Pretender." So she sate her down and wrote the Prince "a very long letter, saying who were his friends and who were his foes." This letter she had closed, and was just "sealing with a ring"; when, as used to happen in ballad story, "ope flew the door, and in came her King." Poor young lady!—

She prayed to the saints and angels to defend her,  
And fell in the arms o' the young Pretender.  
Rare; oh, rare! Bonnie Jeanie Morison.

Nor is this pretty romance merely an invention of the poet's brain. One of this family, by whom the song has been preserved, happened, it seems, in the latter part of last century to be buying snuff in a shop in Edinburgh, when a beggar came in. Nothing was said before the stranger; but the shopkeeper, as if it were an accustomed dole, handed the beggar a groat. Afterwards, however, in reply to a remark of his customer as to the delicacy of the beggar's hand which had received the coin, the shopkeeper revealed the fact that the recipient of his charity was no man, but a woman, and no other than Jeanie Morison, a follower of the Chevalier. Her story, as far as he knew it, was sad enough. She had followed the Prince to France, hoping, no doubt, poor thing! to resume there something of the place she had believed herself to hold in his affections. Alas! it was only to find herself, like so many others, forgotten, cast off, an encumbrance to a broken man. And then, with who can tell how heavy a heart, she made her way home, only to find that her family had shut their door upon her, and cut her off. And so she had wandered about ever since, forlorn and lonely, supported by a few charitable bourgeois in the streets of Edinburgh—she who could look back upon the day when she had loved and been loved by a Stuart Prince.

Such are some of the stories which find no place in history, but whose consciousness sheds a tragic and tender interest about this grey old capital of the North. Who will say that they are not as well worth thought as the trumpings of herald pursuivants and the clash of warlike arms?—G. L.-I.

\* In English: "You have taken us in, you jade! You understand French."



## THE NEW ENTRANCE TO THE ZAMBESI.

The Zambesi, the great river of South-east Africa, is only next in importance to the Congo, the Nile, and the Niger among the rivers of that continent. With its western tributaries, the Chobe and the Leeba, beyond the Barotze country, it traverses the greater part of the breadth of Africa, between south latitude 13 deg. and 19 deg.; from Shesheke, nearly in the centre, it flows east to the Indian Ocean, entering Portuguese territory, the boundaries of which are still undefined; but the town of Tette, above 200 miles inland from the east coast, was founded by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, when they took possession of Quillimane, a seaport at the Quaqua, one of the mouths of the Zambesi, as well as of Sofala, Inhambane, and Delagoa Bay, which lie to the south along that coast. The Shiré River, which rises to the north, in the highlands south of Lake Nyassa, enters the Lower Zambesi not far above its delta: and this river, first explored by Livingstone and Baines, is the most convenient approach to the lake, where English and Scottish missionaries, and a trading company, have been labouring for years to introduce civilisation, and have contended with desperate resolution against the atrocious practices of the Arab slave-traders.

The Portuguese authorities at Quillimane have not shown a friendly disposition towards the British stations on the Shiré and Lake Nyassa, and, though by existing treaties the navigation of the Zambesi is free to all nations, fiscal regulations interfere with the transit of needful stores. It has therefore been considered that the discovery of a new navigable channel for sea-going ships to enter the Zambesi, independently of the Quaqua and Quillimane, would prove an advantage. This new entrance has been found in the Chinde, which was recently examined by H.M.S. Stork, Admiralty surveying-vessel, under

Commander T. F. Pullen, R.N. We are indebted to one of the officers, Sub-Lieutenant Hughes C. Lockyer, for several sketches of the Chinde and Zambesi, and of the Portuguese towns on the coast and in the Mozambique Channel.

## MUSIC.

The Leeds Festival—the last great provincial musical celebration of the year—being over, attention will now be concentrated on London music, which is gradually developing into its usual importance.

The famed Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace have entered on their thirty-fourth series. The opening concert of the new season, on Oct. 19, contained no absolute novelty, but comprised some important and interesting pieces. The only approximation to novelty was a characteristic *entr'acte* from M. Massenet's "Esclarmonde," an opera recently produced abroad. The occasion brought forward, for the first time at these concerts, Madame Roger-Miclos, an accomplished pianist, whose performances at London concerts have recently been justly eulogised. At the Crystal Palace the lady was heard in M. Saint-Saëns's second pianoforte concerto, and in shorter unaccompanied pieces. The elaborate difficulties of the concerto were admirably rendered. The instrumental programme was completed by Sterndale Bennett's imaginative overture, "The Wood-Nymph," Beethoven's C minor symphony, and the overture to Wagner's "Tannhäuser"; the date of the concert having been the anniversary of the production of the opera at Dresden (in 1845). The vocal music at the Crystal Palace concert on Oct. 19 was contributed by Mr. E. Lloyd, who sang with fine effect the Prayer from Wagner's "Rienzi," and a pleasing serenade by Mr. A. Manns, who was warmly received on his reappearance at the conductor's desk.

On the same day as the inaugural concert of the new series at the Crystal Palace, the renowned violinist Señor Sarasate gave the first of three farewell concerts at St. James's Hall, prior to his departure for America. His remarkable performances on the first of these occasions were heard in Saint-Saëns's elaborate Sonata (Op. 75) for pianoforte and violin, Schubert's Fantasia (Op. 159) for the same combination, Raff's "moreau," entitled "La Fée d'Amour," for violin, and Dvorák's "Dances Slaves" (Op. 72) for violin and piano. The pianist was Madame Berthe Marx, whose excellent mechanism and style were successfully displayed in solo pieces as well as those in which the violin is associated.

The first of three Patti concerts, given by Mr. Kuhe at the Royal Albert Hall, took place on Oct. 21, the chief features of the programme having been vocal performances by the great prima donna, who was announced to sing arias by Bellini, Handel, and Tosti; in the "Ave Maria" of Gounod, and (with Madame Patey) in Rossini's duet "Quis est homo."

The Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre have continued to provide programmes of classical and popular interest. A recent classical night included effective orchestral performances of Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas," Dvorák's Symphony in D, and Reinecke's Prelude to "König Manfred"; Miss Florence Wand having given an artistic rendering of Mendelssohn's first pianoforte concerto. The instrumental selection was agreeably varied by vocal solos contributed by Miss A. Albu, Madame Belle Cole, and Mr. C. Chilly. The descriptive piece illustrative of the battle of Waterloo (recently introduced) has been repeated with great effect in the combination of grand orchestra and several military bands. A similar musical celebration of the battle of Trafalgar was announced for Oct. 21. The Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre were announced to close



H.M.S. STORK ENTERING THE CHINDE RIVER FROM THE ZAMBESI.



THE CHINDE RIVER, SEEN FROM THE ZAMBESI, VIEW NORTH-EAST.

## THE NEW ENTRANCE TO THE ZAMBESI, SOUTH-EAST AFRICA.

on Oct. 26. The interest of the programmes has been well sustained, both in the classical and popular selections. The award of the prizes offered for the best orchestral "suite" and the best waltz must be referred to hereafter. The judges who gave the decision were Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. Randegger, Mr. A. Cellier, Mr. I. Caryll, and Signor Bevnigani, the conductor of the concerts.

Among the most important revivals of our autumn and winter musical season is the resumption of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall. These will enter on a new season (the thirty-second) on Oct. 28, when the programme will include a string quartet by Dvorák, given for the first time at these concerts.

Madame Erard—whose death was recently reported—was the last surviving bearer of a name long since rendered famous throughout the musical world by the excellence of the pianofortes manufactured by the great Paris and London firm. Many valuable improvements in the mechanism of their instruments make the name of Erard of importance in the history of the pianoforte; and the kindness and liberality displayed by the Erards towards members of the musical profession also deserve passing mention.

Adolph Von Henset died recently, at Warmbrunn, in Silesia. He was born in 1814, at Swabach, in Bavaria, but passed the greatest part of his life at St. Petersburg, where he held a very high position, artistically and socially. He was one of the most remarkable pianists of modern times; possessed of exceptional powers in the grand and brilliant styles, while also excelling in sentimental grace and poetic idealism. He produced much music for his instrument, including some admirable studies, and many pieces which are miniatures of the highest possible finish; romantic expression being the predominant characteristic. Henset visited London in 1852 and 1867, but did not play in public, having for a long period preferred "fit audience, though few," to the applause of a multitude.

Madame Scalchi, at the request of Mr. Augustus Harris, has

been studying the title-character of Gluck's "Orfeo," with a view to its performance during Mr. Harris's next year's season of the Royal Italian Opera. We are informed that Madame Scalchi has recently appeared in the character with great success at Naples. The coming revival, in London, of Gluck's grand masterpiece will be welcomed by all admirers of classical opera.

Mr. Charles Edward Smith has been elected a representative of the Ward of Tower in the Court of Common Council, in the place of Mr. W. B. Garrett, deceased.

A silver medal and a diploma have been awarded by the Italian Government to Mr. Thomas Thomas, master of the steamship Camelot, of Leith, in recognition of his services in rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the Italian vessel Pietro, in the Mediterranean, on June 7 last.

An elephant which had previously broken into a co-operative stores at Accrington, and feasted on jam and biscuits, was on Oct. 17 discovered in another "burglary" at Chorley. While the circus paraphernalia were being packed up he slipped away in the darkness, and forced open a grocer's shop in the High-street, where he demolished a cheese, two boxes of biscuits, and other goods.

The marriage of Mr. Gordon Gilmour, Grenadier Guards, of Craigmillar, Midlothian, with the Lady Susan Lygon, second daughter of Earl Beauchamp, was celebrated in Madresfield Church, Malvern Link, on Oct. 19. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by the following bridesmaids: The Ladies Mary, Margaret, Agnes, and Maud Lygon, sisters of the bride; Miss E. Wolrige Gordon, sister of the bridegroom; Lady Katharine Stanhope and Lady Barbara Coventry, cousins of the bride; and Lady Mary Pierrepont. Mr. Walter Wolrige Gordon, the bridegroom's brother, acted as best man. Earl and Countess Beauchamp afterwards entertained upwards of 150 guests at breakfast at Madresfield Court. In the afternoon the newly wedded pair left on their way to Italy.

## THE SHRINE OF VENUS.

It may, perhaps, be considered that the institution of special divine honours to Venus among the citizens of Rome under the Empire was promoted by the genealogical fable of that goddess being the mother of Æneas and the patroness of the mythical Trojan colony in Latium, to which the origin of the Roman nation was ascribed in the legends that are embodied in Virgil's epic poem. Venus is addressed by Lucretius as "Æneidum genetrix." The ruins of the "Temple of Venus and Rome," between the Forum and the Coliseum, erected from the reign of Hadrian to that of Antoninus Pius, have a most imposing effect. A high degree of stately solemnity, unmingled with licentiousness, characterised the prescribed religious festivals in honour of this goddess, which were attended by the most respectable Roman matrons, with their daughters, taught to look on Venus as the authoress of happy marriages, the ruler of the hearts of husbands, and the protectress of connubial peace and harmony. They walked in procession, through the streets decked with flowers, attired in their richest dress, bearing gifts of sacrifice, with vows of womanly devotion, to the temple of that gracious, smiling, feminine deity whom they would propitiate for the welfare of their sex. In Mr. Alma Tadema's picture, several of these ladies appear to be waiting and resting at the time appointed for their customary offering; while, in the background, at a sort of bar or counter, one of the attendants of the temple is selling unguents and perfumes, garlands, jewels, rings, brooches, and articles of silver plate, to the crowd of female customers in the grand hall beyond. We publish the Engraving of this picture by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, owners of the copyright for reproduction.

Dr. Egan, Fellow and Examiner in Literature at the Royal University of Ireland, Professor of Literature University College, and a Commissioner of Intermediate Education, has been appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford and Lismore.





THE SHRINE OF VENUS.

PICTURE BY L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

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## A SOCIAL RUBICON.

The ancient problem of how to make bricks without straw constantly besets us in our social life under the ludicrous guise of the question—"How to manufacture conversation out of an absolute vacuity of mind." How to talk may be an important consideration; but one of even greater moment is, "What to find to talk about." Between intimate associates this is, of course, a matter of no overwhelming difficulty. But there are seasons, as most of us know to our cost, when etiquette requires that we should say something, and when we would give our last shilling to find something to say. Those who have lingered unhappily at an afternoon tea, vainly seeking for inspiration at the bottom of their tea-cup; who have done their duty at a stiff "at home" (where, if the hostess is at home, no one else is); or who have been suddenly introduced to persons of whose capabilities and tastes they have not the smallest idea, will understand what we mean. On such occasions one cannot immediately trot out the oldest crux in theology, or rush into the field bristling at all points with the latest questions in politics. But there is none the less a gaping chasm of silence to be bridged over—a Rubicon of restraint to be crossed; and to bridge that chasm and cross that Rubicon successfully requires more self-possession and tact than the uninitiated may be inclined to suppose.

We know by what means we in England are accustomed to help ourselves over this difficulty, and, so to speak, to insert the thin end of the conversational wedge. A delightfully variable climate furnishes us with a never-failing theme; and when the weather is, for the time, worn out, there are the theatres, concerts, and new novels to fall back upon. Of course, the small talk elicited by such subjects is necessarily feeble and flat, notwithstanding FitzBoodle's assertion that he could say "It is a fine day" in a tone of voice which would bring tears to one's eyes. But what matter? It helps strangers to feel their feet and to get to know one another; and so we are thankful for it—or should be, if we are not. But the difficulty referred to is not an English difficulty alone. It has been experienced all over the world—not only by civilised nations, but also by savages, in whose existence, as Mr. Spencer has shown us, ceremonial observances have ever filled an exceedingly large place. Hence, almost everywhere we find some unwritten laws by which society, whether in broadcloth and silk, or in warpaint and feathers, seeks to regulate and settle the formalities attendant upon first meetings and simple *visites de convenance*. Some of these, from our point of view, appear ridiculous enough; but who are we, after all, that, living in glass houses, we should amuse ourselves by throwing stones?

Certainly one of the simplest of the many modes of solving this little problem is that adopted by some of the natives of Australia. There Mrs. Grundy—or whatever her name may be translated into Australasian—has decreed that when strangers meet they shall "sit in solemn silence" (like the people in "The Mikado") for at least a quarter of an hour, and then only enter into conversation *gradually*. True, it may be objected to this curious method of making acquaintanceship that at the end of the stipulated period of silence you are just where you were before. But think what an opportunity is offered to you, if you are a student of phrenology, for reckoning up the character of your new companion! Why, long before etiquette allows you to speak, you will have quite made up your mind as to the kind of person with whom you have to deal, and will know exactly (to speak in the language of the card-table) from what suit you ought to lead. Yet, upon the whole, this species of Quakers' meeting would be likely to prove oppressive to the young, and to those of ardent temperament; and to such persons Arabian etiquette is more likely to commend itself in this respect. When Arabs meet, we are told, they salute each other by asking a great number of times, "How are you? Thank God! How are you?" A well-bred man will never think of pausing in this expression of personal interest for less than ten minutes at the least; and even after that will constantly interrupt the course of conversation to interpolate the same important question. "Damnable iteration," perhaps; but in this way, at least, one is enabled to let off a large supply of nervous agitation, and to fill up any ugly gaps that may occur in the subsequent talk.

But the rough way is made most easy for halting feet in countries where politeness demands an amount of curiosity which with us would be simply impertinent. In the Sandwich Islands, and among the Abipones of South America, for example, it is deemed quite the proper thing to ask a stranger whither he is going, and whence he has come; what he has been doing, and what he still intends to do. A similar interest in other people's affairs is the sign of true breeding in Madagascar, where, however, Ellis tells us that such queries "are generally answered in the most vague and indefinite manner." It would simplify matters immensely if, when brought into sudden contact with a stranger, we could at once begin to put him through his paces in some such way as this. The exercise would be a vast deal more interesting than a discussion about the crops, or the last new picture, which we have only heard talked about, or the last new book, of which we have only read in the reviews. But there is even a possibility of carrying this kind of thing a little too far, and the ceremonial of presentation among the Araucanians—among whom we find it developed to its fullest extent—must be tedious to a degree. A new comer is introduced to the master of the house. He must then mention his name and address—a kind of verbal visiting-card—and proceed at once to ask his host a long series of questions about himself, his health, his father, mother, wives, children, lands, crops, cattle, and flocks; the chief of the district, his neighbours and their wives, children, cattle, &c.; and the political and social events which have lately transpired in the neighbourhood—including all the accidents, deaths, and disasters of every kind. When this is done, the host in his turn begins upon the selfsame string of queries, and altogether this delightfully entertaining ceremony is hardly to be got through in less than quarter of an hour.

Many of our own social customs are wearisome enough, and thus we may, perhaps, find some negative comfort in the thought that others are so much worse off than ourselves. The instance just mentioned furnishes a case in point; but one even more striking is yielded by the etiquette of the Kamchadales. When one member of this tribe pays a visit to another, the host "sets before his guest great plenty of victuals, and while he is eating" he "throws water upon red-hot stones until he makes the hut intolerably hot. The stranger endeavours all he can to bear this excessive heat, and to eat up all the victuals that were dressed, and the landlord endeavours to oblige his friend to complain of the heat, and to beg to be excused from eating all up. It is reckoned," adds Grieve, from whom we have this account, "a dishonour to the landlord if he should not be able to accomplish this."

Such is the tyranny of fashion! But we have to remember that in such matters the servitude in which we live is really comparative independence. We may be ostracised or thought eccentric if we disobey society's dictates; but, at least, we are not executed for our disobedience—as is, or at any rate was, the fate of such offenders among the polished Fijians.

W. H. H.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## SOME NEW BUILDING OPERATIONS.

In the chemical lecture-room of our schooldays, when that young assistant-master with a passion for experimental science (which led him into many explosions and frequent burnings of eyebrows and fingers) made a hard endeavour to interest us in the wonders of modern alchemy, one of the most familiar of his feats was the production of water by the union of its two elements—hydrogen and oxygen. As this chemical union was announced (just like certain other marriages) by a cannonade in the shape of a very fine explosion, the experiment was naturally held in high favour by the juvenile audience. "Now, boys," the lecturer would say, "you see how water is formed by bringing its elements together: two of hydrogen to one of oxygen combine to form the  $H_2O$ , which, as you are aware, is the chemical shorthand or symbol for that familiar fluid." This was the building-up side of our chemical friend. He showed us the *synthesis* or construction of water, in other words, by bringing its component elements into combination. There is another side, of course, to chemical science, and one is bound to say this latter phase is the more familiar of the two. "A chemist is a man who analyses things" is a school-boy's correct-enough, but one-sided, idea of the chemist's work. In truth, "children of a larger growth" regard the chemist simply and solely as an analyst. They know he peers into the composition of everything, and discovers "what things are made of," as our juvenile friend tells us; but the building-up or constructive side of his art is scarcely yet realised by the public at large. Our chemist takes so much water, places it in two jars, connects with the jars, in a special apparatus and in a special fashion, the poles of an electrical battery, and, behold, he soon splits up the water into the one of oxygen and two of hydrogen whereof it consists. This is *analysis* of water—at least, it is one way of analysing it. But the building-up of water is even a more interesting matter; for, simple as the process is, it opens up before us a whole vista of scientific possibilities.

For example, the question "How far, or how nearly can chemists imitate the operations of living nature in constructing and building up the substances found in animals and plants?" is a very just and pertinent inquiry. It is one which may be answered in somewhat startling fashion by saying that of late years a vast number of our medicines, drugs, colours, and even luxuries, have been and are being built up by chemical art from the elements which the chemist selects from, or grubs for, in what seem to be often most unlikely and unlovely places. Let us select an example or two of this constructive science, which has really revolutionised arts and manufactures in more than one phase of their being. Every-one who has dipped into pharmacy, even to the slight extent necessary to enable him to use wisely and well a family medicine-chest, is familiar with the substance, or at least with the name, salicylic acid. In rheumatic complaints this remedy has attained a high reputation. The basis of the acid is a product named salicin, which exists as a bitter principle in the leaves of willows (hence its name) and poplar-trees. It has been pointed out that the *Spiræa* which are so often used for room-decoration also manufacture salicin. Now, this substance is found in its typical development only when the plants are young. Later on it seems to be transformed into a volatile oil, which possesses a reddish tint, and to which, in the exercise of much scientific wisdom, the name salicylic aldehyde has been given. For us, however, the term "red oil" will suffice. Curiously enough, it has been discovered that in the bodies of certain insects which feed on the leaves containing salicin a similar change of this matter into the red oil takes place. But in the plant world this oil ultimately becomes the salicylic acid we know in the drug shops; so that a plant in this sense really presents itself before our eyes as a complex chemical laboratory, wherein a process of taking one thing to pieces and of building up another and new product out of the pieces is perpetually going on.

There is yet another bit of chemical construction our plants effect. The salicylic acid is made to unite with a product called methyl, and by this union "wintergreen oil" is produced. But the chemist has very successfully imitated the work of the living plant in more ways than one. He has, first of all, contrived to convert salicin into the red oil, and this last he transforms into salicylic acid. He has also proved himself equal to the task of building up the wintergreen oil just as it is made in the laboratory of the plant. Nor do the wonders of the chemist's art cease with these recitals. Coal-tar, once upon a time esteemed a somewhat worthless product, has literally proved a gold-mine to chemists. Out of it they have taken the elements with which they build up new and complex compounds. Thus it may surprise us to learn that out of coal-tar products the chemist can now manufacture not only salicylic acid, but wintergreen oil as well. Not so very long ago science despaired of approaching the processes of living nature. Now-a-days it would almost seem that, as he sits in his laboratory concocting the drugs and colours and other things useful to mankind, the modern oil-chemist really can afford to snap his fingers at the plants.

The story of sugar may be told on the same lines. Here is at least a product which, like starch, is familiar to everybody as the handiwork of the living plant. Out of the elements of its food—that is to say, by uniting the carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, it obtains from air and water—the plant builds up both starch and sugar. To be more exact, one might say that out of sugar plants can make starch and also another substance, very closely resembling starch, used to form the plant's own structure, and known as cellulose. Now, there happens to exist a gaseous product, to which the name of *formaldehyde* has been given. A name is neither here nor there, however, in the course of this discussion; what is important to note is that chemists learned in 1870 how to make the product just named out of water and carbonic acid gas. They drove off the oxygen contained in the water and in the gas, and got the *formaldehyde* as the result. This success suggested the question, "Might not plants, which largely feed on water and carbonic acid gas, make their sugar out of this product with the uncouth name?" And so in 1886 a chemist did answer the question in the affirmative, in so far, at least, that he did build up sugar as stated. It was a grape sugar, however, that was thus made: but lately that familiar and complex substance—glycerine, has been made to yield us a grape sugar. When this is fermented it gives rise to alcohol, which is in itself a proof that it is, after all, a pure sugar.

Speaking of alcohol, too, reminds one that, while ordinarily we get our "liquor" as the result of fermentation (which represents the multiplication and labour of yeast-plants), chemists can now build up alcohol for us by their constructive art. In addition to the philosophical way of regarding the chemist's building-up operations, we may think of the immense advantage such researches give us over the powers and products of Nature herself. With such possibilities of making drugs, foods, and other necessities of life by deputy, as it were, paterfamilias may repose easily in his arm-chair, and think with quiet complacency of the failure of his coal supply, or of the extinction of his ordinary means of procuring food.

ANDREW WILSON.

## THE SAVOY HOTEL.

This important addition to the hotels of the metropolis has many features quite novel to London. Its handsome river frontage, facing the gardens on the Thames Victoria Embankment, commands an extensive and highly interesting panoramic view—on the one hand St. Paul's Cathedral and the Tower of London; on the other, the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. Cleopatra's Needle stands in the foreground; on the opposite bank of the Thames lies the frontage of Lambeth; and in the far distance may be clearly seen the Crystal Palace and the Surrey hills.

The site of the Savoy Hotel, covering three quarters of an acre, is adjacent to the Savoy Theatre, whose manager and proprietor, Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, is one of the directors of the Hotel Company; other directors are the Earl of Lathom, Mr. Hwfa Williams, and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The architect is Mr. W. Young, and Mr. G. H. Holloway was the builder.

A fine exterior view of the building is that of the south front, overlooking the Victoria Embankment, the gardens, and the Thames. To every floor there is a terraced balcony, supported either by granite columns or pillars of cream colour, having gilded capitals. Red and white striped blinds may be drawn at pleasure; and the combined effect of the colours, red, white, cream, and gold, in an edifice rising from the roadway eight floors high, is very attractive.

The carriage entrance, on Savoy Hill, from the Strand, brings visitors into a rectangular central courtyard, having an area of 6000 square feet, in the middle of which a fountain plays in a bower of flowers. Bright blossoms adorn the windows which pierce the lofty surrounding walls—walls that can never become smoke-begrimed, as they are built wholly of glazed white brick. At two corners, inclosed in towers which form portions of the square, have been provided American elevators, by means of which passengers may conveniently ascend to the top floors.

On the first floor is the restaurant, 70 ft. in length by 40 ft. in width, and capable of being temporarily subdivided. It is splendidly mounted in mahogany, carved and inlaid, and the chairs are covered with red leather. French windows open upon the broad balcony, where after dinner the grateful cup of coffee and cigarette may be enjoyed in the open air. Conveniently at hand are the kitchens, connected with the vast underground store-rooms, and the cellars, which are already stocked with carefully selected champagnes, burgundies, and clarets, not to mention casks of ale and huge butts of spirits. The restaurant may in part be considered as distinct from the hotel, for it can be used by anyone who is attracted to it from the Strand, by which it is reached through Beaufort-buildings, a glazed corridor, leading therefrom to the dining-rooms, both public and private. Of course the Strand entrance is equally available to the regular visitor.

Another separate department is the banqueting-hall on the mezzanine floor, below the restaurant, having beneath it the ball-room; these three spacious rooms or halls corresponding in size and general characteristics, but differing, of necessity, in decoration. In the banqueting-room there is space sufficient to seat 360 people, and its acoustic properties are good, so that it will probably be hired for public meetings. The ball-room, treated in white and gold, has the advantage of a long alcove, and in the same wing there are reception- and cloak-rooms. A special entrance to this portion of the establishment is arranged in Savoy-place.

In the lower floors of the building are lounge-rooms, bureaux, cloak-rooms, smoke-rooms, and other conveniences which are the outgrowth of modern civilisation. In the depths of the cellars are four electric light engines—for no gas, except for cooking, is needed—water-heaters, pumps, and an artesian well, sunk over 420 ft. Here, too, a Turkish bath and swimming-bath will be constructed. The Savoy Hotel will make no charge for lights or for baths.

The majority of the four hundred and odd rooms which compose the hotel establishment derive light either from the river frontage windows or from those which open into the inclosed courtyard. A corridor, over 6 ft. wide, gives access to these apartments on every floor. It is possible to make a self-contained suite, consisting of one or more bed-rooms and private sitting-rooms, with a separate lavatory and bath-room, by the simple expedient of locking the double doors communicating with the next suite. With the doors thus closed the flat is complete, having nothing in common with its neighbour save the use of the main corridor or passage.

The bed-rooms, in their size and proportions, fittings, furniture, and decoration, are much alike; of course they vary in style, in tone, and in detail. All the suites of rooms are upholstered and arranged on a scale which can only be equalled in a grand mansion. Messrs. Maple have supplied pile carpets, brass "twin" bedsteads, inlaid cabinets, and sets of mahogany, walnut, or enamelled ash, carved dados and mantelpieces, wall hangings of Japanese papers, or of tapestry designs, friezes of gold, and pottery of the choicest description. Nothing is wanting to please the educated eye or gratify the taste, as well to ensure comfort. It is expected that the rooms most in demand will be those which are at the greatest altitude, for the higher one goes the purer the air becomes, and the wider the prospect.

The provision of private bath-rooms, of which there are sixty-seven in all, is a new idea, and one that will no doubt be appreciated as an indispensable adjunct to the suite or flat system, which will be principally encouraged, as the basis of a fresh business. There is constant inquiry for such suites of rooms. On every floor there is a service-room, with lifts for luggage and speaking-tubes to the kitchen and offices. The hotel clerk, in his office, can, by looking at a dial, tell at a glance how long it is before any call has been answered by a servant.

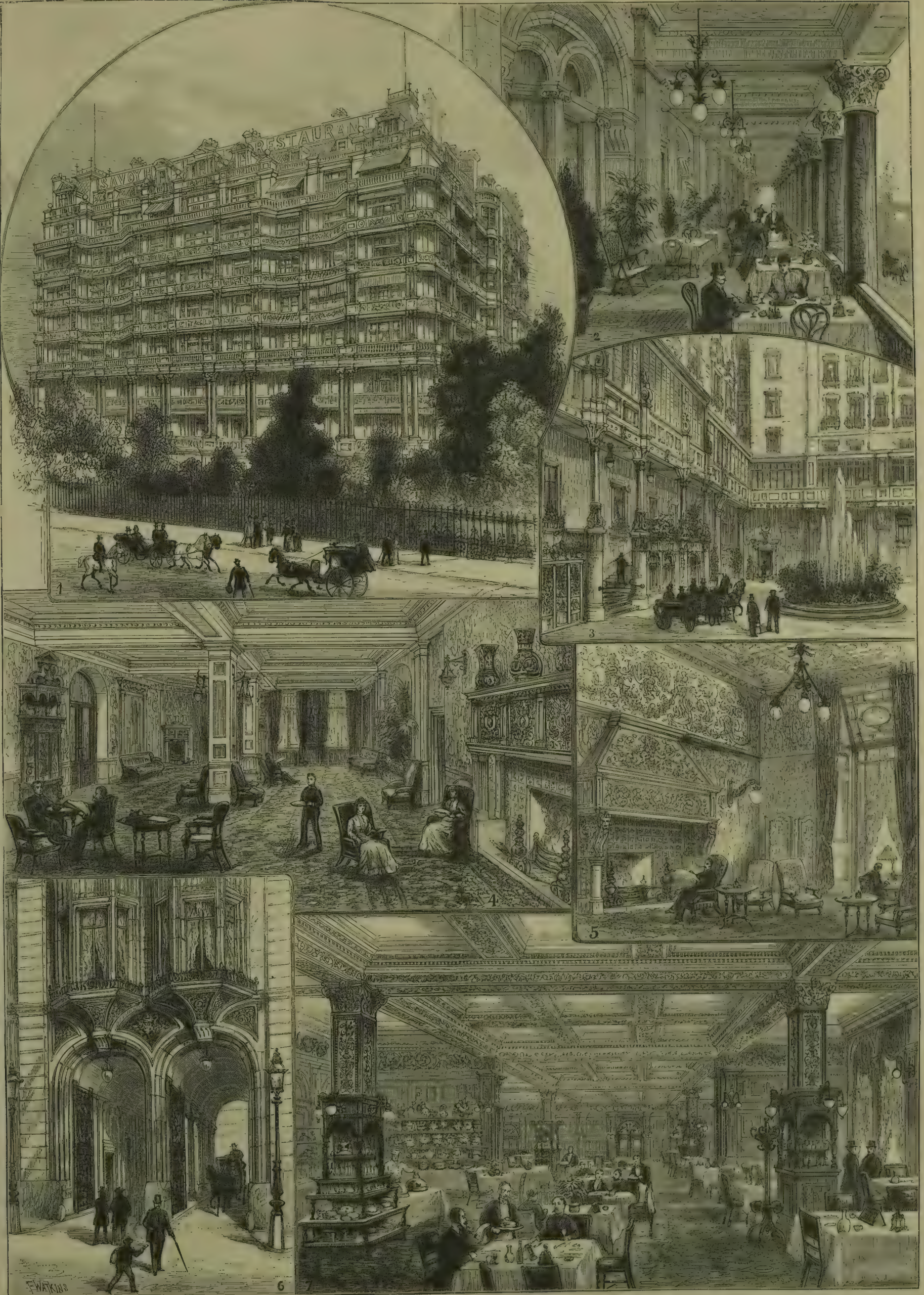
It is intended that the Savoy shall cater for families of the highest class, and it can never be a cheap hotel, but it will not be unduly expensive. In all such details as plate, glass, china, and table-linen, great pains have been taken to procure the best. The manager of this new hotel is Mr. W. Hardwicke; the steward is M. François Rinjoux, formerly of the Grand Hotel at Monte Carlo, and M. Charpentier, late "chef" at White's, is the ruler of the kitchen.

The building is entirely fireproof, as from basement to roof the materials employed are incombustible, the floors being of concrete and the joists of steel. Of wood there is none, except in the doors, window-frames, and furniture. One noticeable point is the completeness with which the electric lighting has been carried out, the current being cut off at will or utilised in prettily shaded lamps of the most convenient pattern.

The Duke of Bedford has contributed £50 towards the restoration of the famous abbey-church at Crowland, in the Lincolnshire Fens.

A portrait, by Mr. Herkomer, has been presented to Sir John Dorington, M.P., at Gloucester, in recognition of his services as Chairman of the Gloucestershire Magistrates, and as Chairman of the first County Council. The fund was subscribed by the Magistrates. The Earl of Ducie presented the portrait, which will be placed at the Judges' lodgings with those of previous county chairmen.





1. View from the Victoria Embankment.

2. Restaurant Balcony, South View, Overlooking Gardens and River.

3. Angle of Courtyard.

4. General Reception-Room.

5. A Pleasant Corner.

6. Entrance to Courtyard.

7. Restaurant.





VISITORS TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION LISTENING TO THE PHONOGRAPH.

This grasping, hurrying, money-getting, money-spending, money-boasting, mechanically inventive, successfully scientific, semi-philosophical, sham-religious, sensationally curious, and inquisitive nineteenth century feels the need of new entertainments. Those who were children

locomotion on land and water; it outdoes the steam-engine, works for us, writes for us, turns night into day, and tells us all manner of secret terrestrial processes, as well as the news of all the civilised world. It is as ready as ever to play with us; and so is that other modern scientific invention, the telephone, the combined result of advanced acoustics and refined mechanics, by which tones and articulate syllables of speech are repeated at great distances, and in the phonograph are preserved for future repetition anywhere you please.

Fifty years ago may remember a little book called "Endless Amusement," which contained some hundred prescriptions for playing simple tricks of chemistry, optics, acoustics, magnetism, and such electricity as was then known, with small dodges in the use of cheap machinery, by which ingenious persons could astonish their juvenile acquaintance. You were told how to raise the apparition of a ghost by the aid of a mirror, a lens, and a sheet of clear glass; how to kindle a flame on a surface of water by a bit of potassium; how to make liquid in a bottle suddenly

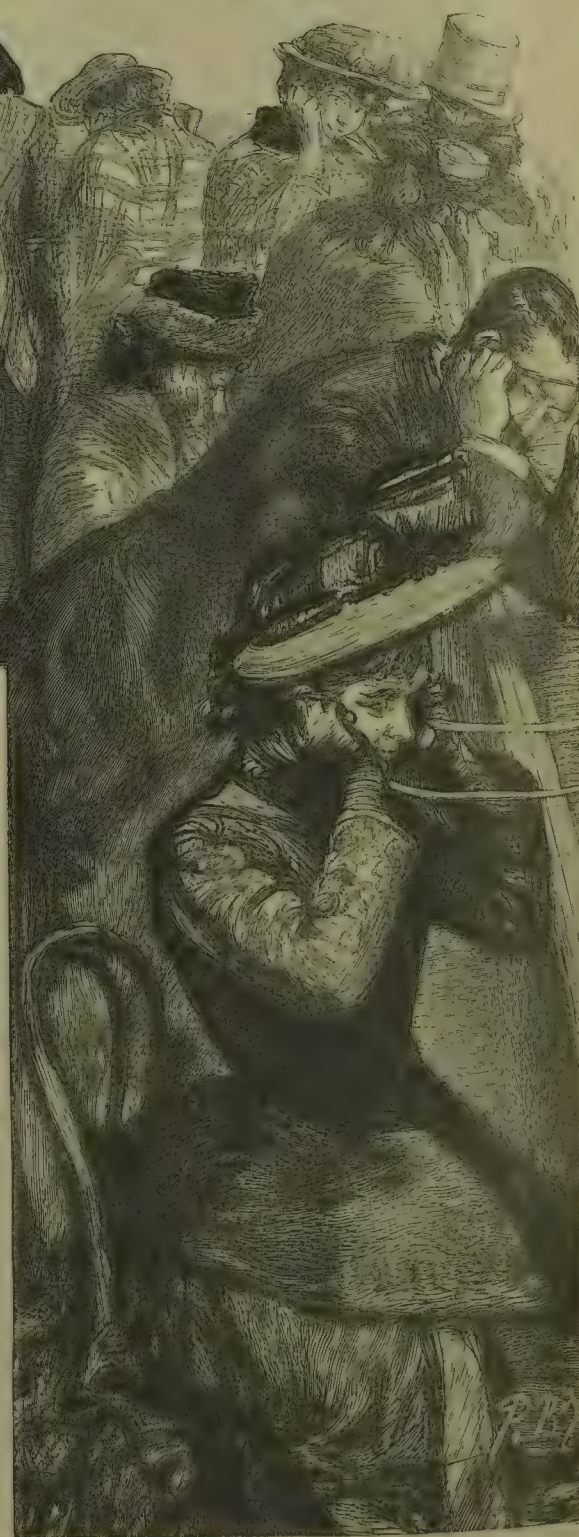


The "Bonne" with the Telephone.

change its colour; how to set crabs jumping on a plate; how to make voices come from the chimney or the ceiling by "ventriloquism"; how to thrill the nerves of your neighbour with a shock from a jar of sulphuric acid containing certain metal plates. Some of us read Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues," and fancied ourselves as great conjurers as any of the ancient "Witches, Warlocks, and Magicians," whose pretended mystical gifts are specified in a recently published volume by Mr. Davenport-Adams. The wisest investigators of physical science, however, when our old men were little boys, did not know certain things which every little boy now sees or hears of in the common course. Electricity, then a mere toy in practice and a theory to account for thunder and lightning, is applied to the transmission of our messages, the illumination of our streets, houses, and ships, and the apparatus of



She claps her hands to applaud the Music.



Hearing the Music at the Opéra Comique.





*The Abbé Bontemps comes to Inspect this New Invention.*

Novel instruments, in Mr. Edison's special department of the Paris International Exhibition, and in the Pavillon des Téléphones, near the Eiffel Tower, have the attractiveness of scientific playthings. To the observer of mankind in general no objects of curiosity or admiration, at any exhibition, can ever be so interesting, in themselves, as their effects on the minds of the various classes and characters of human spectators. Some of these are portrayed in the Artist's Sketches, in commenting on which the reader is supposed to know what the telephone and the phonograph can actually do.

Those worthy provincials and rustics from a remote Department of Southern or Western France, who have come up to Paris by a slow excursion train, for which an arrangement was made by the Municipality or the Government, to see the collected marvels of civilisation in the acknowledged capital of the world, are here standing at the table on which is a square box,

with conducting flexible cords of wire, and each man or woman holding to both ears the outlets of utterance from the phonograph, as its tympanum, mechanically smitten, steadily imitates the vocal sounds inscribed on the plates of a revolving cylinder. The good old lady from Voiron, near Grenoble, smiles with intense gratification at her happiness in becoming acquainted with so wondrous a contrivance, of which her country neighbours have not the slightest idea. Two wide-awake rural cattle-dealers, father and son, are equally intent on listening to the queer discoursing machine. A child, wearing a big sailor-hat, peers round eagerly to discover the person who is supposed to be talking from a secret recess. Their simplicity is regarded with scornful pity by the well-dressed Parisian lady passing by, who also notices the odd fashion of head-dress in the country woman's attire.

Below stands a nurse or "bonne," a native of Burgundy engaged in domestic service in Paris, who has set down her infant charge to sit on the floor while she makes trial of the telephone, and is not less amazed than delighted by hearing a distant communication the words of which to her dying day she will never forget. When the baby has grown to womanhood, such operations will be deemed no more strange and mysterious than the receipt of a telegram is now to us; people will have ceased to ask how it is done. At the other side a young lady, attended by a gentleman, sits as the auditor of a musical performance now going on at the Opéra-Comique, which is in another quarter of Paris. There is another musical dilettante, who has availed herself of the wire connected with that establishment, or with a fashionable concert-room elsewhere: she is so charmed with the performance that she stops to clap her hands in token of applause, forgetting that the singers and the orchestra are not present.

The visitor least pleased—but that is an unlucky accident—is the respectable Curé of a country parish, M. l'Abbé Bontemps, who is not at all hostile to the progress of science, or afraid of its lessening the authority of the Church. This portly and cheerful reverend pastor has incautiously laid hold of a "récepteur," the first he can get, without inquiring the kind of discourse or vocal music which the telephone happens to be transmitting at the time. We all know, from common rumour, that some of the Cafés Chantants in Paris allow a questionable degree of license in their comic songs; indeed, there have recently been some complaints of similar freedoms indulged in London. The grave Abbé is surely entitled to our sympathy when his conscience is offended, at the Exhibition, by improper suggestions in a song recklessly hazarded at a drinking and smoking concert two miles away, which he would not have heard if he had taken a little better care.

Among the other scientific novelties by which visitors are entertained is the "Chemin de Fer Glissant," or "Slide Rail-



*The Abbé hears a Café Concert Song which he Disapproves.*

way," on the Esplanade des Invalides within the Exhibition. The new invention is a singularly original contrivance for enabling trains to run, by means of water power, at a speed often exceeding a hundred miles an hour. The train consists of four carriages for passengers, running the length of the Esplanade. The carriages have no wheels, these being replaced by hollow slides fitting upon a flat and wide rail, and grooved on the inner surface. When it is desired to set the carriage in motion, water is forced into the slide or skate of the carriage from a reservoir by compressed air, and lifts the slide, which then rests on water. The propelling force is supplied by the pillars which stand at regular intervals on the line between the rails. Under every carriage is an iron rack, fitted with paddles; as the foremost carriage passes in front of the pillar, a tap on the latter is opened automatically, and a stream of water at high pressure is directed on the paddles. This drives on the train, and the passengers and spectators are astonished by its travelling at a rate almost double that of locomotive railway speed, but as smoothly as a boat on a river. Here is another of the toys of modern science, which may soon be rendered useful and common, like the telegraph and the telephone, and many things once new to the world. The sliding railway was invented in 1868 by an engineer named Girard, who was killed in the Franco-German War, and has been improved to its present state by M. Barré, one of his assistant engineers.



*The Abbé considers this Telephone a very Wicked Machine.*



*"Your turn, Madame!"*



ART EXHIBITIONS.

The Fine Arts Society (148, New Bond-street) inaugurates its season with a collection of drawings and paintings of birds, by Mr. H. Stacy Marks, R.A., and must thereon be heartily congratulated. Very few artists' work will submit to the severe test of self-comparison with so little danger as that of Mr. H. S. Marks. He is always careful in his work, his colouring seldom falling short of the almost ideal excellence of his draughtsmanship. But Mr. Stacy Marks is something more than a skilful artist. He seems, even when making his studies in the Zoological Gardens, to have been impressed as much by *l'esprit des bêtes* as by the brightness of their plumage or the gracefulness of their attitudes. More than any English artist, without falling into caricature, he has realised, and at times portrayed, the human side of those fortunate beings who do not belong to the "Order of Primates." Mr. Marks does not attempt to suggest whether his "sitters" represent an advance or a retrogression. He is content to find out their points of pleasing and to make himself a faithful interpreter of their features. Can anyone doubt of the human side of birds' life who studies such a monument of self-satisfaction (almost aldermanic) as is presented by "The Pelican" (2), or of judicial solemnity as seen in "The Tantalus Stork" (10), or of human vanity as shown by the Dominican in feathers? These and similar thoughts are suggested, not by any exaggeration or caricature on the part of the painter, but come from a little closer inspection of those types which may be seen daily at the Zoological Gardens or the Natural History Museum. To the pictures already referred to we may add the harem life of "The Pink Flamingoes" (19) and the mechanical marching of "The Adjutant Stork" (28), in both of which we find similar suggestiveness, combined with very powerful drawing. In some of the smaller studies Mr. Marks has been satisfied to depict, though with a minuteness rarely surpassed, the exquisite colours which unfortunately make so many English birds, like the kingfisher, and foreign birds, like the humming-bird and the African starling, a prey to the senseless demands of the bonnet-maker and *contumière*. As specimens of Mr. Marks's work in this way we may especially call attention to the "Pagoda Owl" (11) and the "Iceland Falcon" (12), the "Golden Couure" (15) and the "Milvages" (35). In only one picture does the artist openly avow that he is "making game" of his birds, and that is in the delightful "Love-Birds' Wedding" (6). To the right of the young couple maiden aunts watch if the match will turn out happily, a selfish old bachelor penguin turns his back on the proceedings, while a pair of owls come to the conclusion that marriage is a failure. This little fable is charmingly worked out, with as much delicacy and wit as Granville could have infused into it, and with a far greater regard to his "sitters'" feelings than the clever French artist ever displayed. One is tempted to ask why Mr. Marks does not follow Granville's lead, and give to M. Deschanel's theories the support of his own observation and talents.

At the Hanover Gallery (47, New Bond-street) Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti have brought together quite the best exhibition of foreign pictures (chiefly Belgian) which their rooms have held since their opening. In point of size, at least, M. Leon Frédéric's "Marchands de Craie" (44) "takes the cake." It is in the form of a triptych, although there seems to be no connection between the three groups. In one we see them setting out from their gipsy-like encampment for the neighbouring town or village, where they hope to sell their chalks to the village schoolmaster, the village butcher, or whoever keeps his accounts on a blackboard (a common custom in Belgium); in the centre we have a family at dinner, seated on the grey half-cultivated ground which surrounds some unpicturesque mining town or village; and in the third—the best of the three—we have the family trudging homewards after the hard labour and experience of the day. M. Frédéric paints under the inspiration of J. F. Millet and Bastien Lepage, but he lacks the sentiment of the former and the colour of the latter. He is emphatically a Fleming, not a Frenchman; he wants the brightness and delicacy of the latter; he is *terne*, like the skies of his native country, and apparently only seizes the more debasing sides of daily toil. Mr. Gilbert Munger is another foreigner—in this case an American—who, after rough experiences in his own country, has come to learn of the school of Barbizon, choosing, however, Corot as his guide, and while at times, as in "The Forest of Fontainebleau" (8) and the even more successful study near "Rueil" (13), he catches some of his master's sense of light and air, one has but to turn to the well-known "Route d'Arras" (47), or to the more poetic "Hay Cart" (11), to see the distance which separates the teacher from the pupil. Two other pictures call for special notice—M. Lybaert's "Execution at Granada" (109), in which the influence of Gérôme is apparent, and Professor Legros's "Wood-cutters" (110), far finer in colour than the majority of his "Barbizon" work, and distinguished as usual by his bold and vigorous drawing. These are two of the most distinctive works in the gallery; but there are many others which will repay study, as, for instance, "A Turkish School" (92), by Decamps; "Evening" (79), by Jules Dupré; two pictures by Isabey, "The Armourer's Shop" (86) and "The Knight's Tomb" (95), the dawn and close of a chevalier's life; a pair of Roybet's works, "The Esquire" (75) and "The Poulterer" (80), full of life, and a quaint bit of rich colour by A. Stevens, entitled "The Baby" (10). Altogether the exhibition gives a very good idea of the work of French and Belgian artists of the present half-century.

The chrysanthemum show in the Temple Gardens is a very fine one, and attracts numerous admirers.

Count Hatzfeldt, accompanied by the Countess, has returned to the German Embassy, Carlton House-terrace, from Germany.

The White Linen Hall of Belfast is about to be purchased by the Corporation, and it is understood that the sum to be paid is £30,000. The Corporation will erect on the spacious site a City Hall and Municipal Buildings.

The inaugural ball at Bury St. Edmunds for the autumn and winter festivities in the Eastern Counties was a great success. It was given under the patronage of Lady Bristol, Lady Cadogan, and the Duke of Grafton, all of whom were present, and brought large parties.

The eleventh annual Brewers' Exhibition was opened on Oct. 21, and continued throughout the week. It comprises machinery and appliances for service in the preparation or sale not only of beer, spirits, and wines, but of aerated waters and a variety of teetotal drinks. The exhibition this year is in advance of any of its predecessors in size and interest.

The completion of Hammersmith parish church was celebrated on Oct. 19, when the tower was dedicated by the Ven. Dr. Hessey, Archdeacon of Middlesex. It replaces a small chapel-of-ease which was erected in 1631. The new church, which is Early English in style, is one of the largest and finest of modern metropolitan edifices. The cost has been about £25,000.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E F (Mayfair).—If you are still in want of Beeley's pamphlet on the match between Staunton and Lowe, we are in possession of the name of a seller.

CARSLAKE W WOOD.—Easy, but it will do. Thanks for information as well.

E L (Kensington).—We have not kept the problem, but we are quite confident that the position as sent to us could be solved in the manner mentioned. Send another copy, and it shall receive further attention.

HERWARD.—You are right about No. 2374; but your friend has not found the solution of No. 2361.

CLIFF (Geneva).—Yours is the spirit that will succeed. We cannot see how your last problem can be solved if Black plays for his first move P to K 8th, becoming a Queen.

PENWAIKE (Acton).—In Problem No. 2370, if White play 1. B takes P, Black answers with Kt takes B (ch), and no mate follows. If in the correct solution the Black King goes to K 4th, the White Queen mates at K 3rd. The Black Pawn cannot capture it, because it is then pinned by the Bishop.

CHEVALIER L. DESANGES.—In your last problem, after White plays 2. B to Kt 6th, is not Q to K 6th a case of "Greek meets Greek"?

W HEITZMAN.—Thanks; if sound, it shall be published.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2373 received from J W Shaw (Montreal), F Dean (Capetown), and L Moss; of No. 2372 from J G Grant, C M A B (Bouchurch), and H S B; of No. 2373 from John G Grant, F Lorraine, Lieutenant-Colonel, F G Rowlands (Shrewsbury), L Desanges, and Isomony; of No. 2374 from F Lorraine, Herward, C M A B, Eli James, and A W H Gell.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2375 received from D M'Coy (Galway), R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W R Baillet, N Harris, F Kirby, Dawn, Jupiter Junior, J Coad, A Newmann, R H Brooks, R F N Banks, C E Peruzzi, Howard A, E Casella (Paris), T G (Ware), Dr F St, E Loudon, Alpha, Rifelman, H B Hurford, T Wells, W Wright, F Watson, and J Hope.

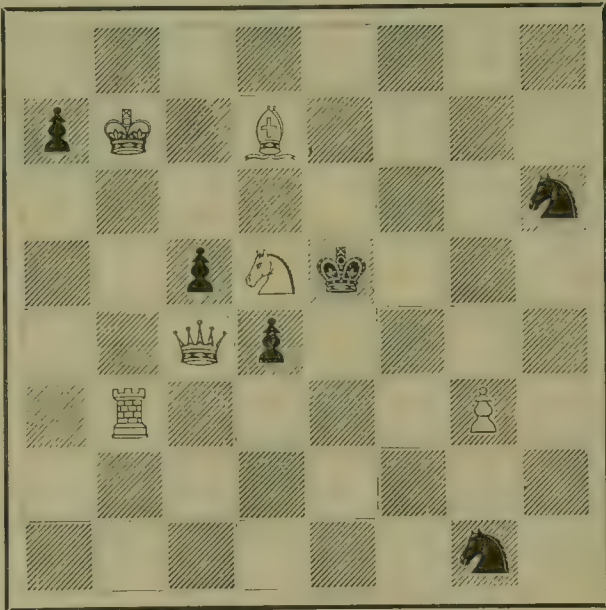
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2373. By K.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to Kt 4th. Any move  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2377.

By BERNARD REYNOLDS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

BRESLAU TOURNNEY.

Game played between Messrs. GOSSIP and MIESES.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Kt to Q 5th (ch)	K to K sq (best);
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	14. Kt to Q 5th; if, then, Kt to Kt 3rd,	16. R to B sq; and if R to B sq, 16 Q to
3. P to B 4th	P to Q 3rd	15. Kt to Q 5th	17. Kt to B sq, with, in either case, an excel-
4. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	16. Kt to Q 5th	18. Kt to B sq
5. B to B 4th		17. P to K 7th	19. R to K B sq
Here Kt to Q 4th, getting rid of the	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. Kt to B 4th	20. Kt takes Kt P
Bishop, would have been far better.		19. R to K B sq	21. P to Q 3rd
6. P to K R 3rd		20. Kt takes Kt P	Q takes Kt
Although apparently loss of time, B to		21. P to Q 3rd	Q takes Kt
Kt 5th, to prevent the Kt taking up a			
strong position at Q 5th, was the correct			
play.			
7. Q takes B	B takes Kt		
8. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q 5th		
Ingenious, but scarcely sound in match			
play. Had the Queen returned to Q sq,			
White's position, though inferior, was			
defensible.			
9. K to Q sq	Kt takes P (ch)		
10. P takes P	Kt takes R		
He could not take Kt P with Q, because			
of Q to B 3rd.			
11. Q takes P	Kt to K 2nd		
12. B takes P	Kt to Q 2nd		
White might have done much better,			
here, by Q to Kt 4th (ch). If, now, 12. K			
to B 3rd, a fine attack is obtained; and if			
K to K sq, the following is a probable			
continuation: 13. B takes P (ch), K takes			

CHESS IN DUBLIN.

Game played at the Clontarf Chess Club between Miss M. RUDGE and Mr. J. J. JONES. B.A.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Miss R.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Miss R.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. P to R 3rd	P to R 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. P takes Kt	P takes Kt
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	15. Q to Q 2nd	K R to R 3rd
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	16. Q takes P	R to Kt 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	17. Q to K 3rd	
6. Castles	B to K 3rd		
7. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 2nd		
8. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 3rd		
9. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Kt 5th		
10. Q B takes B	R P takes B		
11. B takes B	P takes B		
12. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to Q 2nd		

The current number of the *Chess Monthly* contains a portrait and historical sketch of Mr. Philip Hirschfeld, whose ability both as a theorist and as a player is of the highest rank. His great reputation was made in his younger days, since which the claims of business have naturally taken precedence. He is, however, still quite capable of meeting the best players on equal terms.

The Plymouth Chess Club have started a handicap tournament, with over 140 entries.

The Amethyst Chess Club lost their match against the Bow and Bromley Institute, but were successful in turn against Kentish Town in the Junior Metropolitan Chess Club Competition.

Mr. J. Herbert Snell and Mr. J. M. Macintosh have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists.

Captain W. Riehey, R.H.A., has been elected City Marshal, in the room of Major Burnaby, who has been promoted to the office of Mace-bearer. There were sixteen candidates.

The members of the Incorporated Law Society, on a visit to Leeds, brought their annual provincial meeting to a conclusion on Oct. 17 by taking part in various excursions which had been devised for their entertainment.

The Durham Diocesan Conference was opened in Sunderland on Oct. 17, the Bishop of Durham in the chair. This is the first time the Diocesan Conference has been held in Sunderland, and there was a very large attendance.

ABOUT IDLENESS.

Idleness is a word which happily is not dear to Englishmen. Generally, if they are idle, they will not admit it, but claim, as an excuse, the necessity of rest. Or they may say, not always without reason, that they are only idle in appearance. A poet may sit smoking through a long morning by his fire-side, or may "booby about," like Wordsworth, in the open air, and be doing a piece of good work all the time; a scientific man, who seems listless and indifferent to all that is going on around him, may be on the eve of an important discovery: it will not do, therefore, to say offhand that a man is idle who appears to be so; that depends upon circumstances.

The sleep of a labouring man is sweet; and sweet, too, is the idleness of a busy man. The zest of life is variety; and the statesman immersed in public affairs, or the physician in large practice, when he does get an idle hour, knows how to appreciate the luxury. Doing nothing, to a man usually overwhelmed with work, is an indescribable solace: it is enforced leisure which a person of active mind finds so intolerable. This has often proved the chief torture of imprisonment: it is this that has rubbed the bloom off many a young and hopeful life. Spenser understood the misery of idleness when he loitered at Court in hope of preferment, and learnt what a hell it is:—

To lose good days that might be better spent,  
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;  
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;  
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow.

To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;  
To eat thy heart through comfortless despair.

"Work without hope drains nectar in a sieve," says Coleridge; and hope disappointed again and again clogs the springs of life and too frequently produces chronic idleness. To paint pictures and to find no purchasers, to write books that fall dead from the press, to invent a machine of which another reaps the profit, to produce poems that are neglected by the public and languidly praised by your best friends, to make a strenuous struggle for money or fame or love, and to find that the struggle is a vain one—these are trials that test a man's mettle, and which, if his heart fail him, may lead to the indolence of despair.

There are mild degrees of idleness which make the vice appear almost like a virtue, and there is an idleness which is wholly to be justified. The Castle of Indolence stands, as its poet tells us, in "a pleasing land of drowsy head" that invites to repose, and a sweet forgetfulness of the carking cares of life. Who can blame us if for a little while we step aside from the crowd and rest in this enchanted ground? The mariner that has battled with a storm for weeks may be allowed the brief luxury of doing nothing on reaching the haven; and, after the achievement of any great work, it is but natural and pardonable to rest a while, and to let the days go by as they please. True, it may be, as Cowper says, that "a mind quite vacant is a mind distressed"; but there may be a healthy idleness without vacuity, and the man who, after a free employment of platform rhetoric, wins a seat in Parliament, may be excused if he stretches himself at full length upon the heather and reads a novel. There is a time for doing nothing, just as there is a time for work, and one shrinks a little from the hyper-industrious ladies who knit while they talk, knit upon a journey, however beautiful the scenery may be, and would, I venture to say, knit in church if it were considered proper to do so. I have also known men too restless to be calm, and to whom business means life, which it is not. They detest holidays, they write letters in railway-carriages, they abridge the hours of sleep, and almost deem it a waste of time that they are forced to sleep at all. They "eat the bread of carefulness," and it is clear from their diseased activity that the food does not agree with them. Nothing comes of all this fuss and fume, for the business man who takes his daily work more calmly and has "leisure to be good," and therefore happy, is generally more prosperous even in a money point of view.

A desperate inclination to be idle has afflicted men who have fought against it valiantly and done admirable work in the world. Dr. Johnson deplored a disposition to idleness all his life long: it was a disease, he said, that must be combated. In his diary he writes: "I wish I had a little more of the laziness of the ancients." And he had little patience with people who urged excuses for laziness. When a friend suggested that it was not good to study too soon after dinner, Johnson replied: "Ah! Sir; don't give way to such a fancy! At one time of my life I had taken it into my head that it was not wholesome to study between breakfast and dinner." With the love of contradiction that gave such vivacity to his conversation he pretended once that no one loves labour for itself, and that if we were all idle there would be no growing weary; but this was only Johnson's talk. Burdened with melancholy, with disease, and with infirmities, no man resisted with more energy the inclination to do nothing. He kept his intellect bright and keen in old age, read the *Æneid* through in twelve nights, and could write at seventy-two: "My purpose is to pass eight hours every day in serious employment. Having prayed, I propose to employ the next six weeks upon the Italian language for my settled study." Two striking features of Johnson's character were his enjoyment of idleness and his love of knowledge. He liked to cross his legs and talk, and complained that John Wesley, who knew nothing of what Lamb called "divine leisure," was always in a hurry; and he said that every man whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all he has to get knowledge. Probably this conflict between two inclinations served to make Johnson a greater man than he would otherwise have been. It certainly made him more human, more sympathetic, and less of the mere book-worm, who, like George Eliot's Casaubon, lives by books alone, and has no interest in people.

One can understand and sympathise with the idleness of a man like Johnson, who was a mighty worker in spite of it, but there are scores of people in the world who live to do nothing, and what is to be said of them? There may be a pleasure in persistent idleness which only the idle know, but to understand it perfectly needs an education. So long as a man has any conscientious scruple about wasting his time he may have moments of enjoyment, but he will be troubled also with regrets. To be idle with impunity it is necessary to agree with the late Mr. J. C. Morison, that there is no such thing as *moral* responsibility; and when this belief is firmly established the man who is not forced to work for bread may idle to his heart's content.

The first step he might take in order to indulge his fancy would be to leave this chilly and busy island for one of those deliciously warm climates which seem to forbid toil. A voyage to the Southern Seas, if not too much of an exertion, will carry him to an island where he may rest his limbs, like Lord Tennyson's lotus-eaters, "on beds of amaranth and moly"; though if moly be garlic, as a too inquisitive critic has stated, he would probably prefer English moss. It is pretty certain, however, that an Englishman vowed to idleness will never go so far in pursuit of his hobby. There is really no reason why he should. A man of the "lazy, lolling sort" can kill time anywhere, and be of as little use to his fellow-mortals as a parrot or a lady's lapdog.

J. D.



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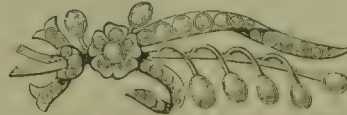
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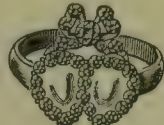
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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The change in the fashion of dress from that which has obtained for some years has been slow, but it has now become complete. Plain bodices, relieved only by the central vest, "improved" full draperies supported on steels and pads, and high headgear, are now completely things of the past. Low small bonnets, and straight dresses following the lines of the natural figure in the skirt, but draped and gathered and be-trimmed as regard the bodices, are now general. The change in the outline appearance of well-dressed women is therefore very marked.

Some sort of fullness, or else a good deal of trimming, almost invariably appears now on the bodice of a dress. Gathered vests between narrow revers, or loose ones falling beneath the edges of a cut-off coat, are still used; or a fullness is pleated into one or both shoulders, leaving a plain centre by way of vest. Many of the most stylish gowns have the fastening concealed entirely or partially beneath a drapery of the material or a loosely applied trimming. For instance, one side of the bodice will be made perfectly plainly, and the other half will be fully draped, the fastening being hidden under the edge of the drapery. Sometimes this fullness will be of trimming, such as a silk of another colour from the main tint of the gown, or as an embroidered or fancy-edged piece of the same fabric. Failing this, passementerie or braiding may be applied down one half of the bodice and not down the other, a central strip concealing the hooks. But even in this case the centre trimming would not look so *chic* if put down the precise middle as if it were brought just to touch the shoulder of the plain half of the bodice and then curved and shaped in to the waist.

The newest style for arranging the trimming on a bodice is a sort of modification of the Zouave or Spanish jacket. The bodice fits closely to the figure near the waist, but a fullness (either of the material or of an added trimming fabric) starts from round the armhole, and from three inches or so of both the under-arm and shoulder seams, and converges, as it were, towards the centre of the bust, where it is gathered to a point, so as to make a kind of fan-shaped pleating from the middle to the side of the bodice. A similar draping is, of course, arranged from the opposite armhole of the bodice, and where the two points meet in the centre they hook beneath a bow of ribbon, or a button or clasp. The new Spanish jackets are put on in much the same way—that is to say, they do not go far along the shoulder, and they are sloped to meet, or nearly to meet, in the centre of the figure. The difference between these and the style just described is that in the latter the whole thing is part of the bodice, and fits into it, while with the Zouave the lower edge hangs loose, and the plain, tight-fitting bodice is seen beneath. Passementerie and braiding in pointed designs are also being put on in this manner round the armhole seam, so as to have the tips of the pattern toward the centre of the bust. This is, in short, the newest idea in trimming bodices, and it makes a pleasant variety after our long course of wearing all ornament from collar to waist. All bodices, however, are decorated in some way. Except for the most severe "tailor" dresses, plain tight-fitting bodices are not in the field now.

Fanciful sleeves add much to the smart and be-trimmed appearance of the new gowns. More or less, the sleeves are always made a feature of the new dresses. A favourite style is a full top, pleated in round the armhole, and set at the bottom in broad pleats into a deep, tightly fitting cuff, so that the sleeve is wide to below the elbow, but close to the arm for the lower six inches or so. This style exaggerates the size of

the chest, and consequently diminishes the apparent size of the waist; but it is not becoming to stout women, who cannot stand the enlargement of the bust. Better for what are politely called "good figures" are the sleeves which slope by degrees from the shoulders, where they are very large, down to the wrists, round which they button quite closely. This is known as the "modern leg-o'-mutton sleeve." The best dressmakers have been turning out such things for the past two seasons for the few women who care to be in the very forefront of new styles. Only now, however, are such sleeves growing really fashionable, and they are found becoming to many figures. They have to be put in high, as well as full at the shoulder, so as to give an epanulette effect. If they are made very full, this suffices. But sometimes they are preferred made a little less large, and trimmed with a pointed piece of passementerie or other ornament used on the bodice, which is applied to the top of the sleeve, so as to go from the shoulder nearly to the elbow.

As to the backs of dresses, the coat shape, with bodice and skirt in one, is still a good deal used; but separate bodices and skirts are most general. The coats worn loose-fronted over full vests have usually long basques; but for other bodices the sharp point front and back and the cut up over the hips is generally adopted. Polonaises are in fashion too. Some of these are fastened down one side, both bodice and skirt part. Others have the drapery lifted round to hook up to the back after the bodice is fastened down the front or side. When I have mentioned the Medici collars, opening in front of the neck (to show a close-fitting high collar or a fall of lace, according to the character of the gown) and rising far up at the back of the head, I think I shall have indicated the chief points in the new fashions, so far as dresses are concerned.

An excellent "Autumn Fashion Number" formed the issue of the *Lady's Pictorial* for Oct. 12. I can cordially advise any of my readers who wish to see the best styles illustrated to consult that number. It does not give last year's fashion-plates bought secondhand from Paris and Berlin, which are what we are put off with in some very pretentious "lady's papers," but which are totally unlike what any well-dressed woman is actually wearing at the moment. The *Lady's Pictorial* pictures are sketches, newly made, of stylish costumes actually just prepared by the leading London houses for the coming season. No more reliable guide can therefore be obtained to what is really going to be fashionable.

Among the ladies' clubs which now exist in London, the least pretentious, and by much the cheapest, is the little Somerville Club, at 321, Oxford-street. Its members are, for the most part, women who work in some way, or who have limited incomes and small homes. It makes no claim to "smartness," and it only caters for cold luncheons and light refreshments. But it has a nice, refined-looking drawing-room, supplied with newspapers and magazines; a reading- and writing-room, with a library; a dressing-room; and an office in which an urbane, ever-smiling young secretary is to be found. It may easily be understood that many women find the Somerville a great boon. Every Tuesday night, too, there is a lecture or a "Social Evening." At the latest of these Madame Agnes Larkcom was kind enough to sing one of those "bird songs" that suit her flexible sweet soprano voice so well; and Miss Morland, of the Haymarket Theatre, gave two clever recitations, in addition to various amateur performances. A considerable proportion of the members present seemed to be elderly ladies of that class so much to be sympathised with who have never formed home ties for themselves, and have

outlived those of their youth. The more "clubable" women in that position can make themselves, the better their existence will become. One feels that to many of them it is an effort to mix sociably with strangers: the habit of solitude and the traditions of old-fashioned middle-class reserve are against it. But, making the effort, they feel afterwards rewarded; and it is because there are so many women in the same position that I mention the matter here. Every big city might have its inexpensive ladies' club with advantage. At the social evening of the Somerville there were several literary women; there were the lady singers; there was a hospital nurse, in her uniform; and altogether it was a varied and interesting little gathering.

A new departure has been made at the Grosvenor Gallery in opening the Pastel Exhibition without a "private view." The representatives of the Press were invited on a day set apart; but the usual social event, the great mixed crush of the artists and their friends, the subjects of the various portraits, and the "everybody that is anybody" throng, has been omitted. The "private view" function has been certainly overdone, some of the less important galleries sending out their tickets in packets, and having the rooms so crowded with guests that none of them could see the pictures. But I doubt if any exhibition can afford to dispense altogether with such a gathering. It is a form of advertisement, and has its value, like any other. At the New Gallery, the Arts and Crafts Exhibition had a full but not overcrowded private view. It was chiefly artistic in its character, with a large infusion of what may be called the æsthetic socialists—the school who gird at the luxury which can only accompany a store of wealth, while at the same time they expend all their efforts on cultivating and ministering to luxurious tastes. Mr. William Morris and Mr. Walter Crane are leaders in this school. It is not, it appears to me, a phase of thought, but merely a temperament. The numerous faces of people at the private view characteristic of that temperament were more interesting than the costumes. The most remarkable features of the latter were perhaps Mrs. Walter Crane's shoulder-cape of peacock's feathers—as "artistic" as the notions of an Indian princess—and the fact that Mrs. Holman Hunt's flat bonnet and loose, clinging robe, a style which she has worn steadfastly for years past, now is quite à la mode, instead of being strikingly peculiar, as it was even a year or two ago.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

An anonymous gift of £250 has been sent to the Bishop of Colchester, on behalf of the Trinity College, Oxford, Mission in East London. A further sum of £500 is still required.

In connection with the new rifle range on Bisley-common, Sir Evelyn Wood has sanctioned that during the winter months soldiers from Aldershot may be employed in getting the butts, &c., ready, under certain conditions. In this case the new butts and ranges will be quite ready for the Volunteers by next July.

At the Mansion House, on Oct. 18, the Lord Mayor entertained the Shipwrights' and Fanmakers' Companies, of which he is a member. There was a large attendance, the gathering including the Mayor of Kendal and the Town Clerk of Appleby, with which towns the Lord Mayor was intimately associated in early life. In the course of the evening he announced that he had issued a circular to all the Volunteer corps within the Metropolitan area stating that he was prepared to hand to them from the fund he had just raised the amounts they required to complete their equipment.

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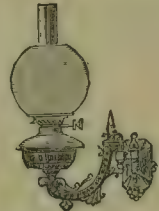
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## OBITUARY.

LORD FITZGERALD.

The Right Hon. John David, Lord Fitzgerald, of Kilmarnock, county Dublin, P.C., LL.D., a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, died after a brief illness at his brother's residence, Fitzwilliam-place, Dublin. His death is deeply felt, for few ever enjoyed more sincerely the esteem and affection of his contemporaries. He was

born in 1816, son of Mr. David Fitzgerald of Dublin, by Catherine, his wife, daughter of Mr. David Leahy of London, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and called to the Irish Bar in 1833. He joined the Munster Circuit, and soon acquired a reputation. He was made Q.C. in 1847. From 1855 to 1856 he was Solicitor-General for Ireland, and for two short periods, 1856 to 1858 and 1859 to 1860, Attorney-General. In the latter year he was appointed a Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland, and in 1882 a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, thus becoming a Peer for life. His Lordship sat in the House of Commons as M.P. for Ennis, 1852 to 1860. He married, first, in 1846, Rose, daughter of Mr. John O'Donoghue of Dublin, by whom (who died in 1850) he leaves three sons—David, Q.C., John, and Gerald. He married, secondly, 1860, Hon. Jane Mary Matilda Southwell, sister of the fourth Viscount Southwell, K.P., and by her leaves Arthur, Eustace, Edward, and Evelyn Charles; and six daughters. Lord Fitzgerald was a very accomplished and learned lawyer, a distinguished and upright politician, and, in all respects, a most estimable man. His death—for he was respected and esteemed by all classes—is universally deplored. (A Portrait of his Lordship is published this week.)

LORD DIGBY.

The Right Hon. Edward, ninth Lord Digby, of Geashill, in the King's County, in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Digby, of Sherborne, county of Dorset, in the Peerage of Great Britain, died on Oct. 16, aged eighty. He was born June 21, 1809, the eldest son of Admiral Sir Henry Digby, G.C.B., by Jane Elizabeth, his wife, relict of Charles Viscount Andover, and daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Leicester. He succeeded his kinsman Edward, second Earl Digby, in 1856, in the Irish Barony of Digby, and in the Barony of Digby of Great Britain. He married, June 27, 1837, Lady Theresa Fox

Strangways, eldest daughter of the third Earl of Ilchester, and had by her (who died May 2, 1874) four sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Edward Henry Trafalgar, now tenth Lord Digby, was born Oct. 21, 1846, and was formerly M.P. for Dorsetshire. (A Portrait of Lord Digby is given in this Number.)

SIR DANIEL GOOCH, BART.

Sir Daniel Gooch, Bart., of Clewer Park, Berks, died on Oct. 16. This famous engineer was born at Bodlington, Northumberland, Aug. 24, 1816, the third son of Mr. John Gooch. He studied his profession under the late Robert Stephenson, and subsequently in the iron works of South Wales. He became afterwards Chief Locomotive Engineer to the Great Western Railway, and occupied that position for twenty-seven years, until elected Chairman of the Board of Directors in 1865. He entered Parliament as member for Cricklade in that year, and continued its representative until 1885. At the date of his first election he was on board the Great Eastern, engaged in the attempt to lay the Atlantic cable. For his final success he was created a Baronet, in 1866. Sir Daniel married twice—first, in 1838, Margaret, daughter of Mr. Henry Tanner, of Bishopswearmouth, and had four sons and two daughters; he married secondly, in 1870, Emily, youngest daughter of Mr. John Burder, but had no further issue. His eldest son, now Sir Henry Daniel Gooch, second Baronet, born in 1841, married, in 1865, Mary, daughter of Mr. Joseph Rodney Croskey, and has one son and a daughter. (There is a Portrait of Sir D. Gooch in this Number.)

SIR CLEMENT JAMES WOLSELEY, BART.

Sir Clement James Wolseley, seventh Bart., of Mount Wolseley, in the county of Carlow, J.P. and D.L., died on Oct. 17. He was born July 1837, and succeeded to the title at the death of his brother, Sir John Richard Wolseley, sixth Bart., in 1874. In 1860 he was called to the Bar. Sir Clement married, in 1872, Constance Louisa, eldest daughter of Major-General R. P. Ratcliffe, R.A., and granddaughter and coheir of Sir John Head Brydges, M.P., of Wootton Court, Kent, but had no issue. The baronetcy devolves consequently on his cousin, the Very Rev. John Wolseley, Dean of Kildare. General Viscount Wolseley, K.P., G.C.B., is the son of Major Garnet Wolseley, whose father, Rev. William Wolseley, Rector of Tullycorbet, was third son of Sir Richard Wolseley, first Bart., of Mount Wolseley.

SIR CHARLES WILLIAM SIKES.

Sir Charles William Sikes, of Birkby Lodge, Huddersfield, J.P. and D.L. in the county of York, managing director of the Huddersfield Banking Company, died on Oct. 15, in his seventy-second year. He was second son of Mr. Shakespear Sikes, banker, by Hannah, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Hirst. The honour of knighthood was conferred on him in 1881 in recognition of the important part he took in introducing the system of Post Office Savings Banks.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Earl of Orkney, the Earl of Leven and Melville, and Viscount Torrington. Their memoirs will be given in our next issue.

General W. S. Newton, of Lowndes-square, on Oct. 16, at Eastbourne, aged seventy-three, from the effects of an accident. Mr. Jeffrey Browning, solicitor to the Irish Land Commission, on Oct. 16, at his residence, 28, Upper Mount-street.

Mr. John Ball, F.R.S., the well-known author of "The Alpine Guide," at his residence in Southwell-gardens, on Oct. 21, aged seventy-one.

Mr. J. W. O'Donnell, late Chief Magistrate of the Dublin Metropolitan Police-Courts, on Oct. 17, at his residence, Stephen's-green.

Mr. Stafford Allen, a well-known member of the Society of Friends, on Oct. 14, aged eighty-three. He was one of the last surviving contemporaries of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Brougham, and Buxton, and a fellow-labourer with them in the cause of the Abolition of Slavery.

The Rev. John Papillon, M.A., Rector of Lexden, Colchester, barrister, formerly M.P. for Colchester, at Lexden, on Oct. 19, at the age of eighty-four. The deceased had been Rector of Lexden since 1849, and was one of the oldest clergymen in Essex.

Sir John Blosset Maule, Q.C., aged seventy-two. He was called to the Bar in 1847, and became a Q.C. and Bencher of his Inn (Inner Temple) in 1866. From 1861 to 1880 he was Recorder of Leeds, and afterwards became Director of Public Prosecutions. He was knighted on the occasion of the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice in 1882.

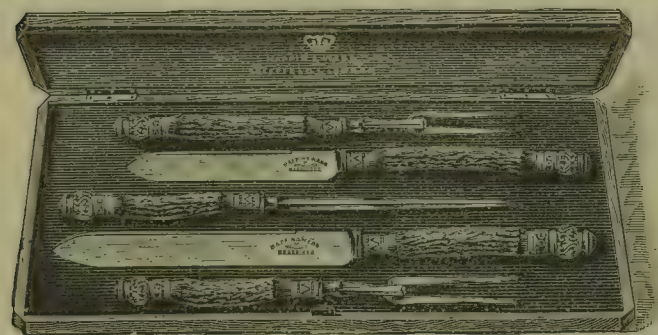
Dr. James Prescott Joule, the eminent scientist, and discoverer of the mechanical equivalent of heat, on Oct. 11, at his residence at Sale, near Manchester. He was born in 1818. He enjoyed the acquaintance of the most celebrated men of science of his time, and was elected a member of nearly all the leading scientific bodies in Europe and America.

Colonel Hans Garrett Moore, V.C., C.B., late Commanding 2nd Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, drowned in Lough Derg during the gale of Oct. 6, aged fifty-four. He entered the Bombay Army in 1850, and attained the rank of Colonel in 1881. He served with the Persian Expedition, 1856-7; and gained medal with clasp, as well as the Victoria Cross; and went through the Indian Mutiny, 1857-9 (medal and clasp).

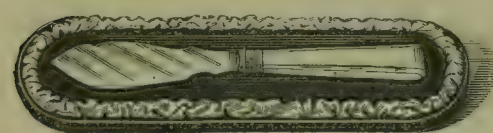
The colours of the 2nd Battalion (Princess Victoria's) Royal Irish Fusiliers have been deposited in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh.

The directors of the proposed London Tower Company, of which Sir Edward Watkin is chairman, have decided to offer two prizes of 500 gs. and 250 gs. for the best designs for a tower to be erected in Kensington. The prizes will be open to competitors from all countries. Sir F. Bramwell, Mr. Benjamin Baker (the engineer of the Forth Bridge), and Mr. T. A. Walker (the contractor who built the Severn Tunnel and is now making the Manchester Ship Canal) have agreed to act, with several other eminent engineers, as a committee to adjudge the prizes. The tower will be 1250 ft. high.

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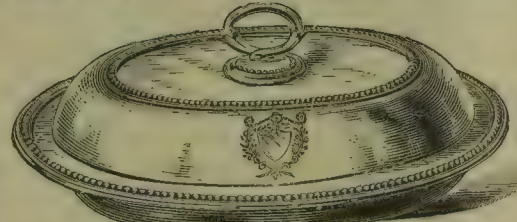
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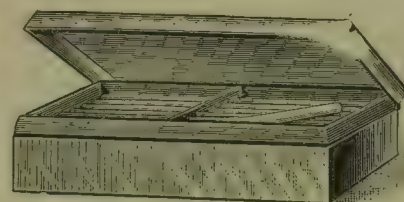
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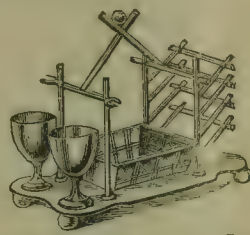
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The will (dated June 1, 1873), with two codicils (dated Aug. 1 and Aug. 3, 1878), of Etienne Marie Charles De Pomereu, Marquis d'Aligre, formerly hereditary Peer of France, and member of the Council General of the Maine et Loire, late of No. 89, Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, who died on June 11 last, was proved in London on Oct. 11 by Charlotte, Marquise d'Aligre, the widow, the value of the personal estate in this country amounting to upwards of £127,000. The testator leaves the enjoyment of all that he shall possess at the moment of his decease, whether in land, capital, or personal estate, to his wife for the whole of her life, or until her marriage again; and, subject thereto, he gives all his property, movable and immovable, in France and in foreign countries, to his nephew, Gaston d'Aligre, but he is not to enter into the enjoyment of the same until he commences his thirty-first year.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1887), with a codicil (dated Jan. 17, 1889), of Mr. Robert Bousfield, late of No. 42, Lee-terrace, Blackheath, who died on Aug. 22 last, was proved on Oct. 16 by Mrs. Ellen Spooner Bousfield, the widow, and Edward Edwards, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £117,000. The testator leaves to his wife his furniture, plate, pictures, books, horses, carriages, wines and consumable stores, the use of his residence, or £200 per annum, during life or widowhood, and £1000 per annum during life or widowhood; and he states that he does not make any further provision for her, as she already has ample means. He bequeaths £25,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Florence and Rose, and a further sum of £5000 each on the death or marriage again of his wife; £4000 to his son Herbert; an annuity of £300 to his brother John; and legacies to grandchildren, executors, and servants. By virtue of the power given to him by the will of his father, he appoints the trust funds thereunder to his children, Robert Challis Bousfield, Mrs. Selina Lecky, and Herbert Bousfield. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he settles one third upon his son Robert Challis Bousfield and his family; one third upon his son Herbert Bousfield and his family; and one third upon his daughter Mrs. Lecky.

The will (dated March 13, 1889) of Mr. John Gregory Crace, late of Springfield, Dulwich, Surrey, who died on

Aug. 3 last, was proved on Oct. 10 by John Dibblee Crace, the son, Edward Madge Hore, and the Rev. William Jackson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £84,000. The testator leaves £500 to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Jane Hine Crace; £200 to each executor; £1500 per annum, and his furniture, plate, pictures, and effects (except a few articles specifically bequeathed), to his wife, for life; £3000 each to his daughters Emily Augusta Crace, Marian Alice Deacon, and Harriette Amabel Dolling; £3000 to his son Lewis Paxton Crace; £2500 to his daughter Margaret Isabella Solly; £500 to Mrs. Martha Crace, the widow of his late son; and £500 each to two grandchildren. On the death of his wife he bequeaths £3000 to his son Edward Kendall Crace; £500 to each of seven grandchildren; £2500, upon trust, for the said Mrs. Martha Crace, for life; £8000, upon trust, for each of his said four daughters and his son Lewis Paxton; and the residue of his property to his eldest son, John Dibblee Crace.

The will (dated July 30, 1885) of Mr. George Henry Gater, late of Winslow, Westend, in the county of Southampton, who died on Aug. 28 last, was proved on Oct. 10 by Mrs. Sarah Gater, the widow, and William Henry Gater, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £51,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife an immediate legacy of £100, a further sum of £4000, an annuity of £400, and all his jewellery, plate, pictures, books, furniture, musical instruments, articles of household use or ornament, horses and carriages. Having already settled an estate at South Stonehouse on his said son, William Henry, he makes no further provision for him. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his daughters in equal shares, but any sums advanced to or settled upon them are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated March 22, 1882), with a codicil thereto (dated July 18, 1889), of Mr. Wilkie Collins is about being proved; Mr. Henry Powell Bartley, of 30, Somerset-street, Portman-square; Mr. Francis Carr Beard, of 44, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, and Mr. Sebastian B. Schlesinger, of 8, Wilton-place, S.W., being three of the executors therein named. The personalty is sworn at £10,831 11s. 3d.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1885) of Mr. James Blake, late of Ponton Lodge, Sunbury, Middlesex, who died on Sept. 4, was proved on Oct. 16 by Mrs. Eleanor Rix and Mrs. Honoria

Wickins, the daughters; Horatio Francis Blake, the son; and Henry Wickins, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his daughter Honoria. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third to each of his said three children; but £4000 of their respective shares is to be settled upon each of them.

The will (dated June 12, 1858) of Mr. Thomas Clifton Wilkinson, J.P., late of Newall Hall, Otley, Yorkshire, who died on July 24 last, was proved on Oct. 8 by John Wilkinson, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9600. The testator devises his freehold hereditaments at Yockenthwaite, Helton, and Horton, Yorkshire, to which he became entitled as heir-at-law of Jeffrey Tenant, to the use of his second son, Henry Butler Wilkinson, and the heirs of his body. He provides portions of £5000 for each of his children other than his first and second sons. The remainder of his freehold hereditaments he devises to the use of his first son and the heirs male of his body. His copyhold and leasehold property and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his first son in a similar manner.

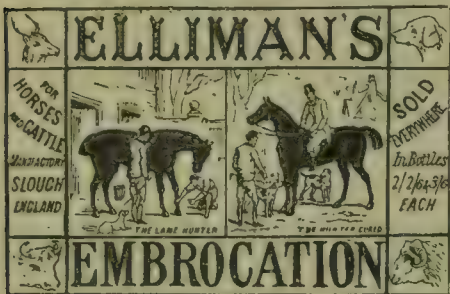
The will (dated May 28, 1874) of Mr. Edward Litt Leman Blanchard, late of No. 114, Victoria-street, dramatic author, who died on Sept. 4, was proved on Oct. 16 by Mrs. Caroline Cadette Alpenny Blanchard, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £441. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate, including all his copyrights, manuscripts, books, and papers, to his wife, for her own sole and separate use.

A match at football between Kent and Middlesex resulted in a victory for Middlesex by three points to two.

At King's College the Science Exhibitions of £100 and £50, given annually by the Clothworkers' Company, have been awarded to S. H. Ellis and F. Sprawson, and the Sambroke Exhibitions of £60 and £40 to A. Bousfield and W. R. Bryett.

Twelve competitive designs have been sent in for the statue of Burns, proposed to be erected at Ayr at a cost of about £1000. These have been examined by Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft, who has recommended for acceptance by the committee that of Mr. George A. Lawson, of London.

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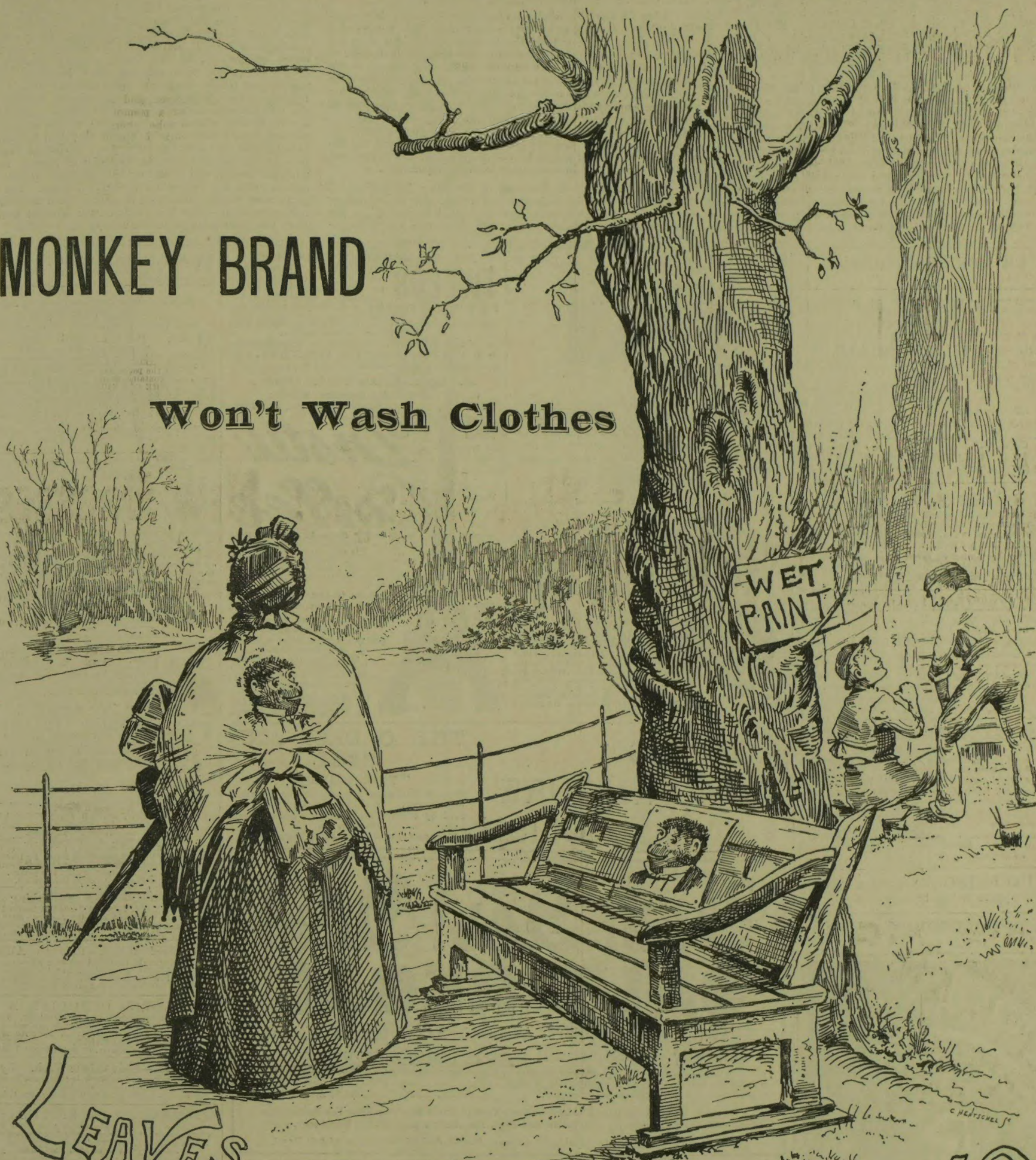
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## FOREIGN NEWS.

A ball was given in Paris on Oct. 17 by the President of the French Republic and Madame Carnot, to which the principal prize-winners at the Exhibition were invited. The Ministers and chief officers of the State, in full uniform, as well as the diplomatic and consular corps, were present, and the band of the Republican Guard played during the evening.—The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury stayed for a few hours in Paris on the 17th at the Hôtel Chatham. His Lordship, accompanied by the British Ambassador, paid a visit in the morning to M. Spuller, Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was out, but returned his call in the afternoon.—The banns of marriage have been published in Paris of the Prince of Monaco and the Duchesse de Richelieu.—The death of Dr. Ricord, aged eighty-nine, the leading member of the medical profession in Paris, is announced.—At Neuilly, in the arena belonging to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Company, the first portion of the dancing, wrestling, jumping, and piping contests among 350 Scotsmen representing the various clans took place on the 17th. A portion of the programme was omitted, as the preparations were not complete. There was a very good display, however, the caber-tossing, pole-vaulting, wrestling, and racing eliciting considerable enthusiasm. In the wrestling-matches, which were watched with great interest, two Swiss champions were pitted against Loudon and Steadman, both of whom achieved

a complete victory over their opponents. The Highland games next day were honoured by the presence of Lord and Lady Lytton, Mr. Austin Lee, Mr. Molyneux, Attaché to the British Embassy, and Viscount Doyle. The distribution of prizes to the successful competitors took place on the 19th. P. Cannon, the champion runner, received, besides several medals, a gold and a silver cup of considerable value. In the course of the afternoon several consolation races took place.

King Luis of Portugal, who had been for some days sinking, died on Oct. 19, in his fifty-second year. He is succeeded by his eldest son, now King Carlos of Portugal, who is in his thirtieth year and is married to Princess Amélie, daughter of the Comte de Paris. The account given of the scene at the deathbed of King Luis is very touching. The Queen was with her Royal consort up to the end, and, as the King breathed his last, bent over and kissed him. Then, turning to Dom Carlos, her Majesty said, "The King is dead. Long live the King!" and embraced the new ruler, adding, "I bless you as monarch, and hope you will prove as good a King as you have always been a son." Some particulars of the deceased and the present monarch are given in connection with their portraits.

The birthday of the Empress of Germany fell on Oct. 22, but, as their Imperial Majesties would then be on their journey to Athens, the anniversary was celebrated *en famille* in the New Palace at Potsdam on Oct. 16. Next day the Emperor

and Empress lunched with the Empress Frederick, and took leave of her Majesty with an "Au revoir at Athens." At night their Imperial Majesties, with limited suites, left for Italy, where they remained with the Royal family a few days before continuing the journey to Greece. The Emperor William arrived at Monza on the 19th. His meeting with King Humbert at the railway station was of the most cordial and affectionate character. Both the Emperor and Empress shook hands with Signor Crispi, and the Emperor afterwards spoke with him for some time, King Humbert conversing with Count Herbert Bismarck. The Royal party entered the carriages in waiting and drove off, attended by an imposing escort of cavalry, to the castle, passing through a great crowd of people who cheered very heartily. On leaving Monza their Majesties embarked at Genoa for the Piræus.—The 18th was the anniversary of the birth of the late Emperor Frederick, and the Empress Frederick and her daughters attended a memorial service and afterwards proceeded to Friedenskirche, where they laid wreaths on the sarcophagus of the late Emperor. Princess Sophie, who is to be married at Athens to the Duke of Sparta, left Berlin with her mother and sisters on the morning of the 19th, by special train for Venice, en route to Athens. The Imperial party were loudly cheered on their way from the palace to the railway-station.—The Speech from the Throne was read by Herr Von Boetticher in the Reichstag on the 22nd.

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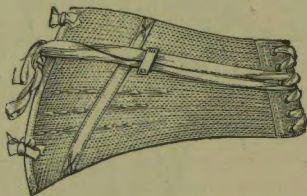
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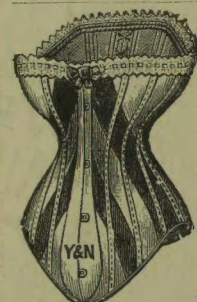
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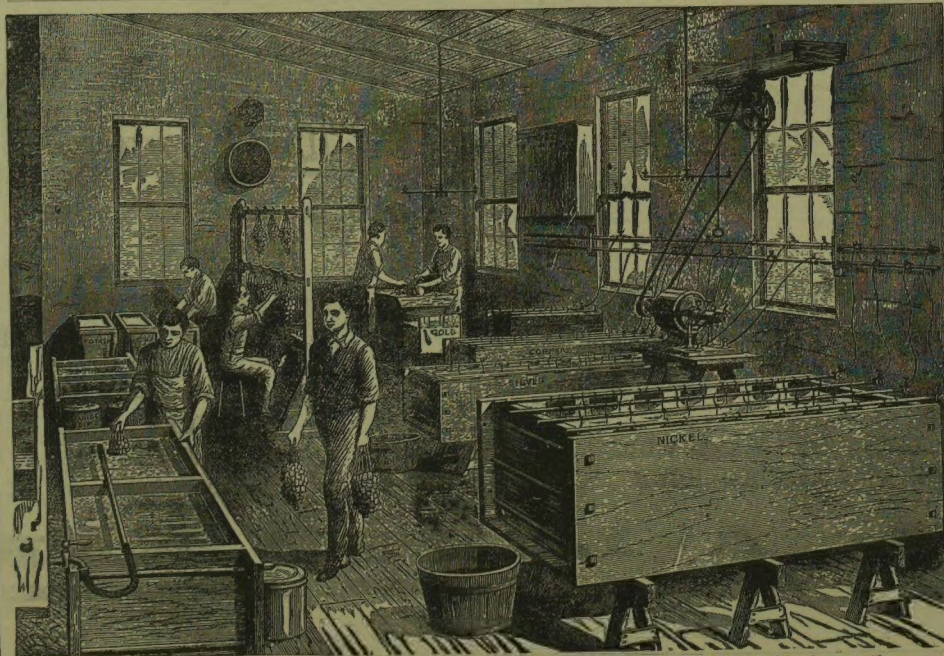
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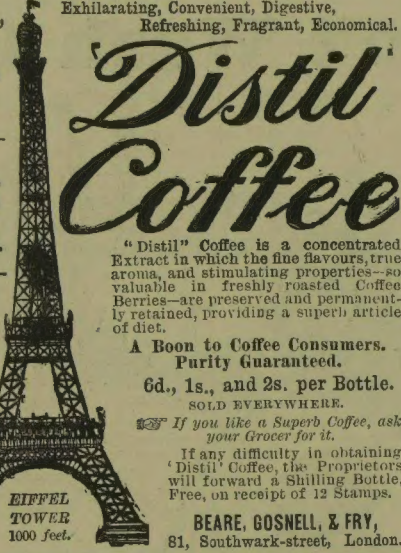
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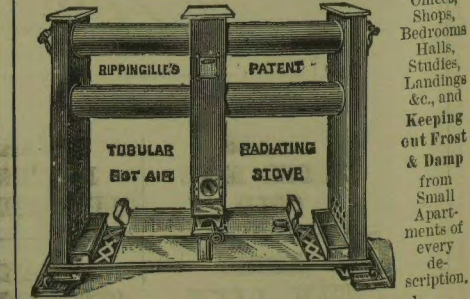
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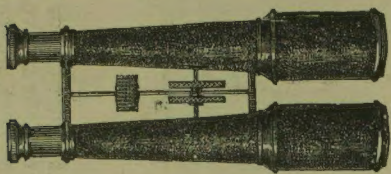


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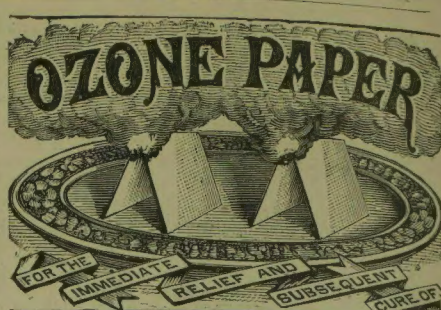
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